

The TATLER

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London, April 22, 1931

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H.R.H. PRINCESS MARY, COUNTESS OF HAREWOOD—A BIRTHDAY PORTRAIT

Speaight, New Bond Street

H.R.H. Princess Mary, Countess of Harewood, will celebrate her thirty-fourth birthday on Saturday, April 25, and this portrait is the most recent which H.R.H. has had taken. Princess Mary's popularity is as great as that of all the other members of the Royal House, and the nation's felicitations go forth to her. During H.M. the King's recent indisposition Princess Mary and her husband, the Earl of Harewood, went to Windsor, but left after the reports of the King's progress became more favourable and attended Newmarket, where both His Majesty and Lord Harewood had horses running—and not without success



AT THE V.W.H. (CRICKLADE) POINT-TO-POINT

Dennis Moss

A group at Poulton last week, where this meeting had a good success. The names are Mr. C. Christie-Master, Captain the Hon. Hubert Ponsonby, who was Clerk of the Course, and Brigadier-General Robert McCalmont. Captain Ponsonby is Lord de Mauley's son. Brigadier-General McCalmont has been an Exon of the King's Bodyguard of the Yeomen of the Guard since 1925. He had an infantry brigade in the War

GROSVENOR SQUARE, W.1.

AS you can imagine, my dear, the affairs of Spain have monopolized a good many conversations in London lately, King Alfonso and Queen Ena's personal friends, of whom they have such a large number over here, being most anxious for their welfare, but convinced that their behaviour in the most trying circumstances would be admirable as ever.

The congregation at Miss Anne Keppel's wedding to Mr. Philip Broadmead was largely composed of diplomats and courtiers, and therefore the prospect of the Spanish Monarchy's disintegration was discussed on all sides. Queen Mary honoured the bride by coming up from Windsor for the wedding, and by the King's permission the reception was held at St. James's Palace, thereby avoiding the usual exhausting and exhausted crowd for which no London house is really adequate.

Lady Elizabeth Matheson has first claim on my available space as provider of the two engaging train bearers; Lady Thomas and Lady Ponsonby live in the Palace and therefore did not have far to come or go. Sir John Hanbury-Williams, very tall and good looking, occupies, when at home, the most enviable residence—Henry III Tower in the precincts of Windsor Castle. Another among



THE BLANKNEY HUNT 'CHASES: THE HON. SYLVIA PORTMAN, LADY BARNBY, AND HARRY LAND

Lady Barnby is the mother of the Master of the Blankney, Lord Barnby, who is a bachelor. The Hon. Sylvia Portman is a sister of Lord Portman and also of the Hon. Mrs. Gar Emmet. Harry Land has been huntsman to the Blankney since 1919, and now retires, being succeeded by James Welch from the Cottesmore



AT THE BEAUFORT 'CHASES: THE MARCHIONESS OF LANSDOWNE, LADY HOPE, LORD EDWARD FITZMAURICE, AND THE MARQUESS OF LANSDOWNE

The Beaufort meeting was not a point-to-point but a regular steeplechase meeting, and was run in the best of weather. A Beaufort victory for Lady Blanche Douglas' Setting Sun in the Ladies' Plate (ridden by Captain Vivian) was quite fitting. Lord Edward Fitzmaurice is Lord and Lady Lansdowne's youngest son. Lord Lansdowne succeeded in 1927 on the death of his father, the famous ex-Viceroy of India

the vast number of guests was Sister Agnes, as young in spirit as ever, for whose devoted care so many officer patients have reason to be grateful.

The sun did not catch Newbury visitors napping as it did the Sandowners at the Grand Military. There, few had prepared for the glorious weather provided, but the Berkshire meeting gave everyone a chance of showing their new spring suitings.

That one good tweed deserved another was evident wherever you looked, and the white hats which are a peculiarity of this year had gone to many heads with varying success. Lady Chesham never makes a mistake about her racing clothes, and on the Newbury Friday she wore a dark blue and white coat and skirt with a blue

béret. Mrs. Macdonald-Buchanan was also in this colour, apparently the most popular of all. Mrs. Charles Lambton and Mrs. Henry Tufton had had the same idea.

To Mr. and Mrs. Washington-Singer Newbury is a home preserve, their lovely place, Norman Court, being not far away. Therefore it was all the more satisfactory for them when Link Boy won the big race of the day in fine style. Lord Carnarvon had come from Highclere, Blanche Lady Penrhyn is an ardent and knowledgable racegoer, and a few more to choose from a large collection were Admiral and Mrs. Clifton Brown, General and Mrs. Hankey, Sir Frederick Carden, and Sir Robert Wilmot. The latter is a very well-known Berkshire figure, having trained many good horses in his life; although nearly eighty Sir Robert still takes an active part in this arduous occupation, being greatly assisted by Miss Nora Wilmot, who also rides a bit better than most people, a feat she shares with her sister, Mrs. Charles Pym.

The admirable conditions with which this meeting was blessed might have been the reason why so many of the horses arrested the eye. Out of the large fields, and no less than forty two-year-olds started for the Beckhampton Plate, there was hardly one that failed to give promise of a great future, and a little clairvoyant light on the matter would come in useful.

The Shrivenham Memorial Hall was the setting not long ago for a very good amateur presentation of *Dear Brutus* with Mr. M. Martin-Harvey as a most puckish, eerie, and excellent Lob. There was a tremendous run on the tickets, for the object of the performance was to raise money for Fred Holland, the famous Old Berks huntsman. He, you know, has gone practically blind, supposedly as the result of a hunting accident. It is a terrible tragedy, for he is such a brilliant huntsman, one of the best in England, and so much liked by everyone. Practical sympathy is what is wanted, and the Old Berkshireites are determined that the fund opened on Fred Holland's behalf shall be big enough to remove apprehension as to the future. A glance round the audience at the theatricals suggested that most of the members of the hunt as well as many friends were present.

I saw Lord and Lady Barrington and Mrs. Hugh Lloyd-Thomas, who live quite close to Shrivenham; Lady Violet Henderson and Major and Mrs. Rupert Craven came from the Faringdon neighbourhood; Mrs. Pleydell-Bouverie brought a daughter, and Major West, secretary to the O.B.H., was there with his wife. Captain and Mrs. Bailie, Colonel and Mrs. Parsons, the Misses Paine, and Major and Mrs. Worthington were further supporters. Mr. Ronald Worthington (no relation by the way) was there too. He belongs to the South Staffordshire country but knows Berkshire well, having spent some time at Buckland learning the finer points of farming.

Wiltshire was bent on showing that its neighbouring county of Berks should not have a monopoly of the lime-light; the charming old village of Ramsbury was the scene of further theatricals, amateur as far as everyone but Miss Hermione Baddeley was concerned. The standard of her dramatic art takes a bit of living up to, but those in support



THE HON. DAPHNE STRUTT AND LORD ACTON

A recent picture taken at Lord Rayleigh's seat, Terling Place, Chelmsford. The Hon. Daphne Strutt is Lord Rayleigh's daughter by his first marriage, and her engagement to Lord Acton was announced about a month ago



THE NORTH SHROPSHIRE HUNTER TRIALS

A group of well-known people who were judging at Hig' Hatton, near Shrewsbury, last week. In the picture are: Mrs. R. Holbech (who is on the local committee Warwickshire Hunt Pony Club), Mrs. Wilmot-Sitwell (District Commissioner Meynell Hunt Pony Club), Lieut.-Colonel C. L. T. Walwyn, D.S.O., O.B.E., M.C., and Major V. D. S. Williams, M.F.H. (chairman of the Pony Club). These pony clubs, which now exist in almost every hunt in the Kingdom, are doing most useful work especially amongst the rising generation, and deserve the support of everyone interested in hunting or in the difficult art of equitation

did it well. Mr. David Tennant, husband of the star, came to stage manage the affair, and after their successful efforts these two have gone off for a short holiday in Greece.

To return to Ramsbury. Here Sir Francis and Lady Burdett housed most of the mummers in their lovely old Queen Anne manor which is a "show" place, quite unspoilt, and standing back from a curve in the road with a serene millpond before it. The Princess de Chimay was one of the performers, also Sir Hugh Smiley, and Mr. Thomas Cholmondeley. Mrs. Guy Wyndham was a local light, as her husband owns the property un-commonly named Parliament Piece.

Mrs. Wyndham did great V.A.D. service during the War, when she was nursing at Rouen, and the clever turns she gave at the periodic concerts held at the hospitals when conditions permitted, will be remembered by many ex-patients there.

It is not often that the Café de Paris fails to repay a visit, and the last time I went I was not disappointed. One of the chief reasons for this was Miss Valerie French, who came with her fiancé, Lord Brougham. They will be married by the time you read this. Miss French's black dress had a most intriguing white scarf built into it, which made different plans for draping possible.

Miss Vyvian St. George also wore black; this was made of velvet, and very agreeable to her auburn hair. She has not long returned from America, and journeyings evidently suit her. Miss Zara and Pamela Deuchar had also been

(Continued overleaf)

THE LETTERS OF EVE—continued

abroad and were still tinted with Madeira tan. Lord Claud Hamilton was doing a bit of dancing, and Lady Ravensdale, still in her daytime clothes, came in late to consume some coffee.

Judging by the number of little red seals on his sculptures, Mr. Henry Moore's exhibits at the Leicester Gallery must be finding plenty of purchasers. He has, of course, a great backer in Epstein, who loaned two of his works to the show, wrote a foreword to the catalogue, and brought his wife to the Private View.

One felt a certain amount of sympathy for the anxious inquirer after an explanatory guide to the meaning of the graven images which Mr. Moore had set up, but I was quite content to take the resulting advice and use my eyes. There met me on the left as I entered the fixed stare of a "Girl with Clasped Hands," a sort of Neanderthal woman, whose ruby glass optics glinted across the room, from under a "bruiser's" forehead, in an intense manner.

Owing to the cut of his work most of Mr. Moore's subjects wear a worried look. Not theirs the somewhat expressionless serenity of ancient Greece, rather they seem to be anxiously seeking to solve modern problems. But the fluent lines of his statuary and his staggering disproportions of the human figure, made in all manner of mediums from stone and lead to concrete, create an atmosphere of great interest.

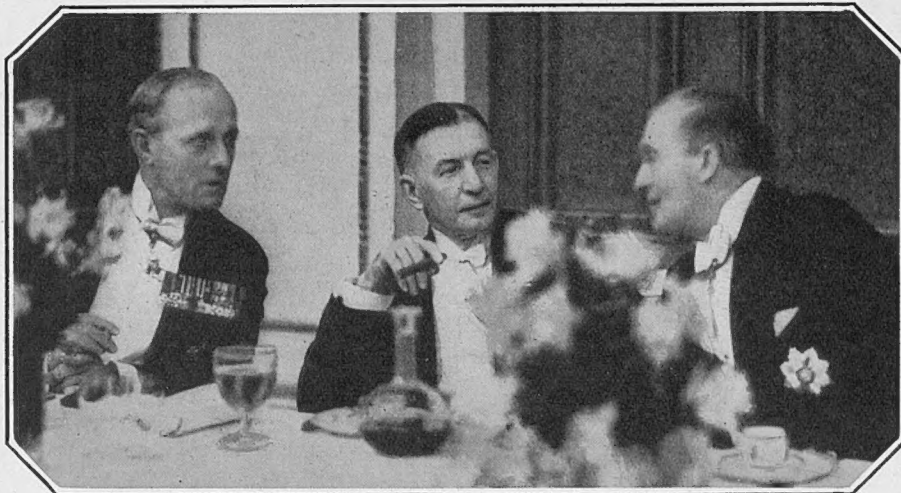
Another private view which interested me was a collection of drawings by Iain Macnab at the Albany Gallery in Sackville Street. Mr. Macnab has just come back from Corsica with many attractive cleanly-brushed water-colour studies of the island. He told me he was rather disturbed at having been described in print as the owner of the largest cat in London. He has two cats, and they are both exceedingly covetous of the honour of being of record size, so he is afraid there will be trouble if they see the notice.

I liked immensely his "From the Ramparts, Calvi." It was painted from a night club owned by Prince Yousoupov, who helped to rid Russia of the redoubtable Rasputin. Besides his Corsican pictures, Mr. Macnab is showing some good studies of nudes, among which I greatly admired two in sanguine.

My latest news from Scotland is chiefly concerned with the Fife Point-to-Point, held on Sir John Gilmour's estate at Balcormo Mains. This meeting is always an agreeable one, and an excellent day's fun is reported. The going for once was extra *sec*, there were no casualties, and finishes were exciting. The closest was in the final event, the lightweight race, when Mr. Patrick's Rooskey Prince, ridden by Colonel

R. G. O. Hutchison, snatched the verdict by a short head from last year's winner, Sir Robert Spencer-Nairn's Hewilldo, on which Mr. Alastair Spencer-Nairn was riding his first race.

Lord Lindsay, the Master of the Fife, was starter and Lady Lindsay gave away the trophies. They brought a big party from Kilconquhar, the Master of Gray and Mrs. Campbell-Gray being among their contingent of guests.



THE BRITISH OLYMPIC ASSOCIATION DINNER

The British Olympic Association held its annual dinner this year at the Connaught Rooms, Sir Harold Bowden being in the chair. In this picture, left to right, are: Admiral Sir Cyril Fuller, General Dawes, the American Ambassador, and Sir Harold Bowden, who, in addition to his activities where the Olympic Games are concerned, is the chairman of the Raleigh Cycle Co., and many other concerns

More pictures of this event will appear in next week's issue

kind of furred or feathered creature known in those parts.

Lady Stewart-Sandeman's dark blue leather coat was becoming, and other attractive persons were Miss Helen Skene, who spent most of her time precariously perched on the top of a covered wagonette, Mrs. Ronnie Hutchinson, Miss Mona Mitchell and her sister, visitors from the West, and Miss Alison Hopwood and Miss Barbara Crawford, both from St. Andrews.

I am sorry to say I gave you some totally erroneous information in my last letter. Lady Duferin was not at Le Touquet for Easter. She was with her husband, who for the last three weeks has been gravely ill with paratyphoid, at his house in Hans Crescent.



THE HON. MRS. DAVID TENNANT (MISS HERMIONE BADDELEY) AND MRS. GLEN BYAM-SHAW (MISS ANGELA BADDELEY)

At the wedding of their sister-in-law, Miss Barbara Byam-Shaw, to Lieut. A. F. Pugsley, R.N., which took place at St. Barnabas' Church, Addison Road, recently. Mrs. David Tennant married Lord Glenconner's brother in 1928

The Dorchester, London's latest landmark in Park Lane, has been exceedingly busy during the last few days with a lavish series of opening festivities. On Friday there was a dinner for the small army of workmen responsible for the erection of this imperial palace. On Saturday press representatives of many nations were entertained to luncheon, and in the evening Sir Francis Towle gave a supper party to gay young guests, who showed great appreciation of the Dorchester Dance Band which Melville Gideon directs.

On Sunday all the notabilities you can think of were invited to attend a house-warming dinner, after which everyone went off sight-seeing, the whole hotel being thrown open for inspection. The following night the official opening was celebrated by a gala dinner, dance, and cabaret, the most ravishing presents from Aspreys being provided for feminine participants.—Yours ever, EVE.

On p. 150 of this issue the lady described in the picture and in the underline as "Lady Margaret Drummond-Hay" is Lady Drummond-Hay, who has made a name for herself as an aeronaut. We regret the mistake in the photograph, which was discovered too late for a correction in the page.

UP AND DOWN THE COUNTRY



THE BUCCLEUCH HOUNDS MEET AT HISTORIC HARDEN CASTLE NEAR HAWICK Clapherton

SIR JOHN ARNOTT AT GLENEAGLES Arthur Owen



AT GLENEAGLES HOTEL: MR. G. R. SERVICE, MR. T. HOPE-MURRAY, AND MR. J. A. SERVICE Arthur Owen

"DEVONSHIRE CREAM": THE HON. RUTH DAWNAY MAKING UP A PERFORMER (right), CAPTAIN YORKE Hey

Harden Castle, where the Buccleuch met for one of their late-on fixtures, is an historic old pile which brings back memories of that great border worthy, "Auld Wat of Harden," who flourished about 1596-99 and was one of the last of the fine flower of Border rieverdom, and incidentally a fore-bear of Sir Walter Scott. The Buccleuch, of which His Grace the Duke of Buccleuch and his son the Earl of Dalkeith are the Joint Masters, is one of the best packs of hounds in the three kingdoms and hunts a fine sporting country. Sir John Arnott, Bt., who is chairman of the "Irish Times," was snapped at the Gleneagles Hotel where he is staying for the golf over the famous links, and so were Mr. Service and his brother and Mr. Hope-Murray. The Hon. Ruth Dawnay, who is Lord and Lady Downe's daughter, and Captain Yorke jointly produced the little comedy, "Devonshire Cream," at Wykeham Abbey, Yorkshire, Lord Downe's seat. It was in aid of the Scarboro' Hospital

The Cinema : At the Tivoli

By JAMES AGATE

"THE hypocritical English!" Surely it is time that somebody drew attention to this phrase, and how damaging it is to the English heart while paying too much court to the English head. In the great gallery of Charles Dickens there are many hypocrites though of varying calibre. There is no finesse about Stiggins, whose attentions to pineapple-rum and the cause of temperance were equal and opposite. Uriah Heep has this justification, that with his personal disadvantages and his poverty hypocrisy was the only feasible stepping-stone to success. Littimer, on the other hand, is the humbug *pur sang*, against whom might be set Chadband, who is really no hypocrite at all, but taken for one since we do not like to think that any man can have so much oil in his composition without being a rascal. Dickens' nearest approach to the hypocrite on the grand scale, the scale of Tartuffe, is Pecksniff—a portrait drawn with the most loving care. For Pecksniff was only nine-tenths dishonest; we feel that just one little bit of him would have liked to be all that he pretended. But there is nothing quintessentially English about any of these characters, all of whom, if they had occurred to some great genius of another country, would have no difficulty in changing their nationalities. Podsnap is a different case altogether. Podsnap is completely English, and it is note-worthy that Dickens brings no charge of hypocrisy against him. When Mr. Podsnap objected to the remark that half-a-dozen people had recently died of starvation in the streets of London on the grounds that it was ill-timed, not in good taste, and not adapted to the cheek of the young person, he did so because he really felt that after dinner was not the right time, and because of the offence to his sense of taste and what he considered proper for the cheeks of young persons. If Dickens had intended Podsnap to be a hypocrite he would have shown him expressing these views in public and reading French novels in private. But Dickens was careful not to do anything of the sort.

The point about the English is that very few of them are hypocrites, since hypocrisy demands brains and as much sedulous industry as any other art, whereas nearly all of them, or perhaps I should say of us, are Podsnaps, for the reason that it takes no brains and no particular energy to be stupid. And we English are, in fact, so stupid that the foreigner, unable to believe in that amount of stupidity in any human being, naturally assumes us to be hypocrites. Is it credible, say to a Frenchman, that the City Fathers of Manchester should hold the performance of classical music on Sundays to be improper, knowing that every household in that sad city hums with wireless? Is it possible that London should hold the Sunday opening of cinemas to be moral and that of theatres immoral? Can any Government really believe that the presence of a noisome, untasted sandwich makes the drinking of beer after eleven o'clock a sinless occupation? For my health's sake I frequently patronize Clacton, or permit Clacton to patronize me. The cinemas in that town are not open on Sunday, the only mentionable diversion left being to stand on the bleak front with the wind whistling up one's trouser-legs and contemplate the invisible shore of Kent. Given these data, a Frenchman would reasonably hold that those who in this country make the laws as to what shall and shall not happen are so many hypocrites happy in this, that having their own rich cellars, or possessed of sufficient means to week-end in Paris, they are indifferent as to how much misery their smugness may inflict upon their less fortunate fellow creatures. That view would be wildly wrong. I do not believe that the City Father who vetoes Brahms on Sunday is to be found that night in some *café chantant* in the Place Pigalle. I do not believe that Clacton's elders get themselves transported every Sunday to Colchester or any other town where cinema

sanity prevails. I believe that these good fathers have our welfare genuinely at heart, and object to classical music and films because they really feel that after church on Sunday is not the right time, and that both are an offence to taste and hurtful to the cheek of the young person. In a word, none of them is a hypocrite, but each of them is Podsnap.

Not only understanding of, but acquiescence in, the foregoing is essential to the proper enjoyment of *The Sport of Kings*, the Gainsborough production at the Tivoli of the film-version of the play by Ian Hay. The play, as readers will remember, was about one Amos Purdie, J.P. and kill-joy, teetotaller, non-smoker, and anti every innocent diversion, but most particularly gambling. Mr. Hay showed how this Puritan was lured by one successful bet into a course of book-making ending in a horse-pond, and the whole fun of the comedy lay wholly in the down-fall and destruction of a genuine innocent and meek lamb and not at all in the Nemesis which waits upon wolves who go about in sheep's clothing. Poor Holman Clark gave us a lovely picture of this, and I shall never forget the first dawn upon that high, bland forehead of the delirious notion of illicit gain. Mr. Leslie Henson gives us none of this, though I find it difficult to know what impression his Amos Purdie would give to an audience unacquainted with the stage impersonations of our heavenliest buffoon. What we see in the



"DOUG" AND BÊBÉ DANIELS IN "REACHING FOR THE MOON"

The latest picture on which Douglas Fairbanks has been busy and in which Bêbé Daniels, who is half Spanish and half Scottish, and one of the best swimmers on the movies, is his opposite number. It is, of course, a United Artists' production, Douglas Fairbanks being one of that organization

early parts of the film is not some rigorous simpleton about to have his Draconism and simplicity undermined, but Mr. Henson revelling in the portrayal of austerity and making wild fun of that in which, while he carefully portrays it, he cannot for a moment believe. Mr. Henson is never really Amos Purdie; he is always Mr. Henson, hardly containing himself and making us burst our sides at this exposition of Purdie-ism. It is all the wildest good fun, though I beg Mr. Henson to believe that there really are people in this country who do genuinely object to betting, and in their objecting are in no sense hypocrites. Mr. Gordon Harker reproduces his lovely study of the butler, and it would seem that there is no type of play and no medium in which this very fine actor does not completely triumph. Mr. Hugh Wakefield's laugh must still be infectious to those not injured to it.

I went the other afternoon to a private view of *The New Moon*, now showing at the Empire. This entertainment turned out to be so jolly that all the critics assembled in Messrs. Goldwyn-Mayers' private theatre or cubby-hole punctuated it with the loudest laughter. This film is made up out of the music of Drury Lane's least successful musical comedy tacked on to a new plot concerning certain doings of some vaguely French army against an enemy which might be Turkomans or any race with heads of hair like hearth-rugs. The reason for the critics' laughter lay in the inability of every character to refrain from song whether on a liner's poop or in a cavalry charge. It is all a matter of that incongruity to get rid of which the arts have invented convention. The only reason we do not scream with laughter when Tristan, at the point of death, has still enough energy to cope with forty pages of Wagner, is because we have agreed to a convention that this should not be ridiculous. We do not yell when a musical-comedy hero sallies forth to certain death on his best top-note of the evening. We should not have laughed at *The New Moon* if the Turkoman back-ground had been made of canvas and the thing had been an obvious stage-play only photographed. We laughed because against real scenery was set factitious emotion, an incongruity to cope with which no convention has yet been established. On the other hand, I think I shall always laugh at Mr. Lawrence Tibbett in heroic rôles. Mr. Tibbett yodels like a nightingale but displays a countenance as unheroic as his name.

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PHOTOGRAPHIC INFORMATION



MAJOR BELL-IRVING, SIR JOHN BUCHANAN-JARDINE, M.F.H., THE HON. ARTHUR LOWTHER (extreme right), AND FRIENDS AT THE DUMFRIESSHIRE HUNT POINT-TO-POINT



LADY BUCHANAN-JARDINE AND HER SON RUPERT TALKING TO FRIENDS



LORD HENRY SEYMOUR, LADY HELEN SEYMOUR, AND THEIR DAUGHTER MARGARET AT THE WORCESTERSHIRE HUNT POINT-TO-POINT



MRS. HOPE-VERE AND HER DAUGHTER MRS. JOHN DRURY-LOWE WALKING IN THE PARK



AT THE LECHLADE SHOW: MRS. LLOYD THOMAS AND HER DAUGHTER ANN, MR. DOMVILLE, AND MISS CHARTERIS

The Dumfriesshire Hunt Point-to-Point, with which the two top pictures on this page are concerned, took place at Hungry Hill, near Lockerbie, and was well patronized by local celebrities. Major Bell-Irving won the Annan Cup Members' Race on his own horse, Ucemehopit, which lived well up to its name. Sir John Buchanan-Jardine, Master of the Dumfriesshire since 1921, rode Portholme in this contest and finished third. Lady Buchanan-Jardine is a most enthusiastic racegoer and takes a personal interest in the many good horses which carry her husband's colours on the flat. Their son Rupert was eight in February. Among the supporters of the Worcestershire Point-to-Point held at Crowle were Lord Henry Seymour and his wife, who live at Park Hall, near Evesham, and are a great asset to the neighbourhood. Miss Margaret Seymour is exceedingly pleased with her small brother, born last year. Mrs. John Drury-Lowe was Miss Rosemary Hope-Vere before her marriage. She and her husband are now settled in their new house in Gloucester Place. Mrs. Lloyd Thomas, who attended the United Hunts Agricultural Society's Show at Lechlade, is the wife of Mr. Hugh Lloyd Thomas, the Prince of Wales' Assistant Private Secretary, who accompanied H.R.H. to South America. She is Lord Bellew's niece



AT MONTE: MR. AND MRS. GRANT RICHARDS

Who have been resting in the southern sun for some time past. The famous author's (and publisher's) last book was "The Coast of Pleasure," all about the Riviera, and really more of a guide book than aught else. Mr. Grant Richards started as a publisher as long ago as 1897, and his first book was "Caviare," published in 1912

ideal. Before the child has time to realize that it possesses any entity at all it is being moulded into a preconceived shape. When puppies are playing happily with each other on some sun-lit lawn the human "puppy" is being taught his alphabet, is being drilled into discretion and good manners. And this is only a beginning. Thence onward does his education move apace. Unwillingly is he driven into schools, taught obedience, forced to master great wads of knowledge for which he cannot possibly see any use—and how often he is right! Then, when he is approaching manhood, there looms the problem of earning his own living. Ambition is dangled before his mental gaze until he can scarcely see the loveliness of the world, can rarely enjoy the supreme joy of being strong and alive, for the drastic promptings of his duty towards the future and towards his own desire that he must stand out somehow or other from the ruck of his fellow men. And not only is his mind driven thus towards one circumscribed channel, but his conduct is forced into the mould of conventional acceptance. If his labours are full of pitfalls, so too are his so-called amusements. Until at last he becomes the pattern of a slave, the slave of people and things which somehow or other within himself he, often protesting, must nevertheless accept blindly. This then is Youth—as Mankind knows Youth. He is not free from birth; he surrenders his freedom the more as the years pass over his head. Until at last he may well sink into that dreary substitute of living manhood which offends no man simply because it conforms so strictly to the pattern which generations of conventional people have found safe for themselves and consequently so moral and oh, so blessed! Curiously enough also, when we are not being weighed down by responsibilities from outside, we are putting a loadstone around our own necks. We are always forging human contacts which so often turn out to be simply fetters. The moment we own anything of some personal value, we have signed the death warrant of our freedom. Human contacts and human possessions are the arch-enemies of personal liberty, often enough of personal happiness (and let the stilted procession of good citizens say what they will). Nevertheless, there is no escape from either, except perchance by way of great poverty or sudden disgrace. Oh, the clutter of affection and property we drag with us through life! Sometimes one

WITH SILENT FRIENDS

By RICHARD KING

Youth.

Youth . . . Youth . . . its claims so greatly exaggerated, its charms so over-extolled! Doubtless it would be all that the poets sing in its praise if only we might live as the animals live—happily, without imagination, from day to day. But mankind, alas! in lifting himself above the animals, has complicated his life—sometimes it would seem out of all proportion to the benefit he receives. And it is to enter and to take his share in these complications which too often make Youth a travesty of its

cannot see one's own life at all for the dust kicked up by those who tramp all over our garden, often without so much as one whispered by-your-leave! Oh, the even greater clutter of possessions which we lug round with us through life, when they are not actually tethering us to some uninspiring stake. And, like Jennifer, the adorable heroine of "Elizabeth's" new story, "Father" (Macmillan. 7s. 6d.), we all of us try, some defiantly, some furtively, to shake off some of our human and material fetters only to find that both, sometimes metaphorically, more often actually, give us a stunning kick in the pants; whereat we come immediately "to heel." Poor Jennifer, in deference to a dying mother's wish, she gave up her life to look after father. Father was a famous novelist whose novels few people read, but those who did so considered themselves among the elect. His novels, however, were one thing—some rather too exquisite thing; but father was undoubtedly another. He was, in fact, an utterly selfish, utterly self-opinionated old bore. So when father suddenly came home one day with a young and beautiful and unsophisticated step-mother for his daughter, Jennifer made one wild bid for freedom. She had exactly one hundred pounds a year, and this in a country cottage she thought would prove ample. Anyway liberty, on a crust of bread, is worth twenty-six-course dinners in captivity. So after one unfortunate encounter with a clergyman who had a cottage to let, but he didn't want Jennifer to have it, she eventually found another cottage and a more obliging clergyman, and immediately began to set about revelling in her first taste of freedom. Free of father, free of other ties, possessing nothing, she thought that she could sink her life in an ocean of stillness, liberty, and obscurity. But will life let you? . . . Will life let you? Most certainly not. Poor Jennifer came up bang against a human contact during her first evening at her cottage. And this human contact brought in all his own human contacts, who didn't approve of Jennifer as a contact at all. And then father rushed in. Father's young wife had got sick of father during the honeymoon, and came to Jennifer to tell her so; whereat poor Jennifer found herself defending just those qualities in her parent which had made her own life so dead and awful. So eventually she had to return home to father because there was nobody to look after him, and fathers, like all selfish people, can always win by exciting pity what they lose by being too selfish. But this is just a very brief outline of a wholly delightful and human story. There is no novelist quite like "Elizabeth." No one who can draw in a few masterly strokes characters whom we have known all our life, sometimes loved, sometimes sought to avoid, always known, cannot see one's own life at all for the dust kicked up by those who tramp all over our garden, often without so much as one whispered by-your-leave! Oh, the even greater clutter of possessions which we lug round with us through life, when they are not actually tethering us to some uninspiring stake. And, like Jennifer, the adorable heroine of "Elizabeth's" new story, "Father" (Macmillan. 7s. 6d.), we all of us try, some defiantly, some furtively, to shake off some of our human and material fetters only to find that both, sometimes metaphorically, more often actually, give us a stunning kick in the pants; whereat we come immediately "to heel." Poor Jennifer, in deference to a dying mother's wish, she gave up her life to look after father. Father was a famous novelist whose novels few people read, but those who did so considered themselves among the elect. His novels, however, were one thing—some rather too exquisite thing; but father was undoubtedly another. He was, in fact, an utterly selfish, utterly self-opinionated old bore. 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COUNT SOMMARAKOFF AND M. ALAIN GERBAULT

At the Country Club at Monte Carlo where Alain Gerbault, once in the front rank of France's lawn tennis stars, has been playing before setting forth on another lone cruise in a small boat. His last adventure of this description caused his friends considerable anxiety

(Cont. on p. 138)

FOR HER COCKTAIL PARTY

By George Belcher



"I'll 'ave a bottle of quinine and orange wine, Mr. Perkins. I like to 'ave a drop of something in the 'ouse to offer a friend!"

WITH SILENT FRIENDS—continued

however. Her ironical sense of humour strikes at the very humorous roots of everyday life. She is almost as perfect a miniature painter as Jane Austen. "Father" is, perhaps, not quite so good as her very, very best, but it is so good that you're not likely to find better book-entertainment anywhere. Here is just one short example to prove it: "But he knew that though there wasn't any harm—not really, not unless one made harm—such behaviour would offend what the Scriptures called *these little ones*; and the world appeared to be packed with little ones, all being offended by the simplest things. Indeed, thought James, his brain working at twice its usual speed while he hung suspended over the yawning moment, the simpler one's conduct was, and the more natural, the more deeply offended did the little ones seem to become. The countryside swarmed with little ones. The other vicarages were full of them. . . . One imagined one was talking to an adult, and the moment one said something self-evidently true, one found the person one was addressing wasn't an adult at all, but only a little one, being offended." Two intervening years seem to be the average space during which one must wait for another "Elizabeth" novel, and the waiting never seems so long as when, having finished her latest story, one realizes what a gap lies ahead. All the same I shall certainly read "Father" again, and probably again and again. It's one of those rare stories which are just as amusing the second time read as the first.

* * *

Thoughts from
"Father."

"It is extraordinary how lonely one can be, deep down inside oneself, just for want of a fellow-gloater. Talking isn't enough; what one needs is someone who will gloat. A fellow-gloater is an immense addition to one's own enjoyment."

"There's such a lot of time; enough time for everything on earth that one can possibly want to do, and hours and hours over for being happy in, if only one has very few possessions. I'm sure possessions are the devil."

"Exclude men and exclude meat, and one can flourish, it appears, on almost nothing."

"Things and people. Houses, servants, relations, possessions, in fact, of any sort, including somebody's love. They smother one, they devour one, and long before one's natural end, if one lets them have their own way, one is utterly destroyed."

* * *

A Very Lovely Book.

In "Romantik der Kleinstadt" (Bruckmann, München), Mr. E. O. Hoppé, the famous London photographer, has done for the old towns of Germany that which he once did for England: namely, published a collection of exquisitely lovely photographs of the more famous of them, together with their environs. The beauty of these pictures is extraordinary; not only because the towns, buildings, and countryside are beautiful, but because the photographs themselves are so admirable that even the still, old-world atmosphere of the places photographed has also been caught to perfection. The result is very lovely indeed. And

what lovely subjects to photograph! The exquisite little town, Michelstadt-im-Odenwald; the equally charming Hildesheim and Ellingen. Everywhere he travelled in old Germany Mr. Hoppé found beauty, and made of it not only a lovely photograph, but a very lovely picture. If this book does not make you yearn to pack up immediately and to follow in his footsteps, then nothing ever will. The old, the lovely, and the unique are not for you.

* * *

The "Coloured" Star.

"Black Sadie" (Collins. 7s. 6d.), by Bowyer Campbell, is the story of a black girl who, from being a general servant down South, migrated North and eventually became the "rage" of New York and the "star" of a fashionable cabaret. It is very interesting, because it gives such an acute character study of the negro reaction to the white artistic "discovery" of the blacks. It is also very amusing. Amusing because Black Sadie besides being charming was sublimely unmoral. She could steal from her friends, but she was always willing to do exactly what these same friends wanted her to do. She had the "cuteness" of an adult

brain, with, beneath it all, the merry unsophistication of a child. The author's picture of Sadie is delightful, as is also his study of the race to which she belonged. "Easy come, easy go, niggers," he has caught their charm, their emotionalism, their almost childlike imitation of white race standards well-nigh to perfection. Metaphorically speaking, shutting up a "disorderly house" to attend a mission service, throwing themselves ecstatically at the feet of God and then getting up to dance naked



Husband (reading from paper): I see it says here that a worm thinks with its stomach
Wife: How like a man!

in a café; something of this enchanting irresponsibility of animals, with some strange poetic beauty belonging to the make-believe of childhood, all are caught convincingly in the book. The "artist" and the "animal" curiously inter-mingled, or rather, by custom, less restrained. I dare say many readers will consider Black Sadie a "bad lot," but she wasn't nevertheless. She made hay while the sun shone, and white folk provided the hay and she gave the sunshine. Vice, even crime, left her still a child at heart. She took them all, so to speak, in her day's stride. Easy come, easy go, niggers—an unmoral but always a gay and amusing company. This story of "Black Sadie" has no "moral," but I found it very interesting and always good entertainment. You mustn't judge her by copy-book standards, that's all. She is just an "artist" of life fighting the world with the world's own weapons of aggression and defence. Well, may-be, that is the most successful way to live after all, if you want to be successful. And Sadie was all that.

UNPRECEDENTED DEMAND

"SOUL'S DARK COTTAGE" (6s.)

BY RICHARD KING

Order Now

Hodder and Stoughton.

SOME MORE POINT-TO-POINTERS



AT THE NEWMARKET AND THURLOW POINT-TO-POINT

R. S. Crisp

A group of the executive and some of the performers taken at Thurlow, Suffolk, where this meeting was brought off with éclat last week

The names, left to right, are: Back row—Mr. A. W. Harvey (owner of Polly, winner of Adjacent Hunts' Race); Mr. R. Custerson (owner and rider of Fairy Bell, winner of the Thurlow Hunt Farmers' Race); Mr. R. W. Colling (owner of Saddler, winner of the Thurlow Members' Race); Mr. H. R. C. Frink (rider of Saddler, winner of the Members' Race); Mr. J. Binney (who presented the Silver Cup for the Ladies' Race); Dr. K. C. Edwards (owner of Simon McGregor, winner of the Nomination Open Race); front row—Mr. T. C. Eaton, Joint Master; Lady Briggs; Mr. E. Cooper Bland, Joint Master; Lady Eaton (who presented the Silver Cup for the Nomination Race); General Sir C. Briggs (the judge); Mrs. Cooper-Bland; Captain F. C. Frink (hon. secretary and treasurer); Mrs. J. Cooper-Bland (owner and rider of Up-Jenkins, winner of Adjacent Hunts' Ladies' Race)



LORD AND LADY CRAIGAVON AT THE CO. DOWN POINT-TO-POINT



LORD CASTLEREAGH, MRS. C. BLAKISTON-HOUSTON, AND LADY CLANWILLIAM



BETWEEN RACES: LORD GILLFORD AND MISS VEDA CUTHBERT

Photographs by Poole, Dublin

These three snapshots were taken at the Co. Down Staghounds Point-to-Point at Ballyhaft, near Newtownards. The Co. Down are the only pack of hounds in Northern Ireland, and one of the two packs of staghounds in the whole country, the other one being the Ward. Mr. F. W. Workman has been Master since 1928. The occasion, as will be observed, was honoured by the Premier of the Northern Parliament, Lord Craigavon. Lord Castlereagh, who is Lord Londonderry's heir, is going to contest one of the seats in the Imperial Parliament at the next elections. Mrs. Blakiston-Houston's husband, Major Blakiston-Houston, is Member for the Dock Division, Belfast. Lady Clanwilliam presented the prizes to the winners of the different races. Lord Gillford, who is with Miss Veda Cuthbert, Lady Rayleigh's daughter by her first husband, the late Captain James Cuthbert, is Lord Clanwilliam's son and heir



CAPTAIN R. L. BATEMAN

A lightly-limned impression of the Chief Instructor to the Reading Aero Club. Captain Bateman was formerly in the R.A.F. and also an instructor at the Leicester Aero Club

flying scheme, which was announced last week in the Special Flying Section, and which is the first thing of its kind to be attempted on so large a scale, is to redress the balance and to give flying an equal chance of obtaining proselytes with other pursuits. Flying is to be kept before the public, and at the same time it is being emphasized that a trial lesson is within easy and immediate reach of all who will sign on the dotted line. In THE TATLER scheme *the wish is father to the flight*. The scheme is founded upon the belief held by most of those who have studied the question, that there are many who would like to take up flying, who would make first-class pilots, and who would find flying permanently useful to them, but who have not yet taken it up solely because they have not been pressed to do so. They have not been persuaded to "get" aviation. It is the start that matters. When once started they will go on of their own accord. A visit to a modern

AIR EDDIES

By
OLIVER STEWART

The Call.

FLYING, like many occupations, from alcoholism to religion, must be given a good start. People must "get" aviation as they "get" religion, or they must experience the same powerful urge to begin as those "most Noble and Illustrious Drinkers" to whom the greatest humorist addressed his writings. A sort of inspiration-fuze is common to both the men of the Word and the men of the whisky; the flashing eye of the true believer is to be found in the bibulous as well as the biblical, and may have either a spiritual or a spirituous significance. A similar inspiration-fuze is required to start the aviator on his way. There are about 20,000,000 potential pilots in this country, but other virtues and vices are pressed upon the public so much more sedulously than flying that when a baby is born the chances of his taking up stamp collecting or playing the piccolo are greater than of his taking an "A" licence.

One of the objects of THE TATLER

aerodrome like Heston or Hanworth is an unfailing *apéritif* to aeronautics. And a trial lesson—a very different thing from a short and often unsatisfactory flight of experience—is guaranteed to implant the desire to learn to fly.

THE TATLER has supported amateur flying from the beginning. Directly there was a small nucleus of clubs and private owners the weekly notes were begun and have been continued ever since. There is much difference between the regular treatment of a subject and the spasmodic issue of special features nourished by special advertising. The support which THE TATLER has given to flying hitherto has been regular and independent support. This year it is confidently believed that it will bear fruit in large increases to the number of private aeroplane owners and club members.

Kidston and Scott.

Two flights, from England to South Africa and from England to Australia, have given further proof of the steadily improving powers of the aeroplane. The first was Commander Kidston and Mr. Cathcart Jones' high-speed flight to South Africa in an American Lockheed Vega monoplane with Pratt and Whitney Wasp engine, and the second was Mr. C. W. A. Scott's high-speed flight to Australia in a standard British built De Havilland Gipsy Moth. Commander Kidston and Mr. Cathcart Jones flew from Netheravon to Capetown in just over six days, and showed how the air mails ought to go. And, cogent, sincere, and well expressed though they are, it is doubtful if Mr. Woods Humphery's polemics will counter the effect upon the public of Commander Kidston's action. Action is always the master of argument. It is not suggested that a company like Imperial Airways, which taking all things into consideration I regard as the finest air transport concern in the world, should jeopardize its reputation by undertaking high-speed air mail services precipitously. But it is time that it should direct its attention towards them and towards a general increase of speed. Commander Kidston's machine is not the only American machine with a high speed and good general flying qualities. It was freely stated before he left that owing to the high wing loading it would not be able to get off from some of the higher African aerodromes. It did so, however, without difficulty. The Ford, with three engines and all-metal construction, is another example of a high-speed passenger machine with good flying qualities. If America can produce such fine machines, Britain can do the same when once the need for the type has been established. Commander Kidston and Mr. Cathcart Jones have helped to establish it.

Mr. Scott's record flight was of a different kind. Flying alone in an air-craft of a type which can be bought by anyone and which had been built entirely at the De Havilland works at Stag Lane, he beat Wing-Commander Kingsford Smith's record

(Continued on p. vi)



FAMOUS PILOTS AT HESTON

C. A. Sims

A group of some pilot members of the three great petrol companies, Shell, B.P., and Anglo-American, after landing at Heston Aerodrome. With them (third from left) is Captain H. D. Davis, head of the Brooklands School of Flying. Left to right the other names are: Mr. Watson, Mr. Haswell (also of the Brooklands School), Captain Davis, Mr. Allen, Mr. Hanstock, Mr. Taylor, and Mr. Stace



THE INCOME TAX OFFICIAL IN HADES

By H. M. Bateman



'WHITE HORSE' WHISKY

As a heart tonic and digestive, 'WHITE HORSE' stands supreme. It also definitely maintains your strength and enables you to defeat the severest attack of influenza.



Alexander Corbett, Baker Street

LADY MAUD CARNEGIE AND THE MASTER OF CARNEGIE

Lady Maud Carnegie, who was married to Lord Carnegie, the son of the Earl of Southesk, in 1923, was H.H. the Princess Maud, and is the daughter of the late Princess Royal and the first Duke of Fife, but elected to take the style and title of Lady Maud Carnegie. The Master of Carnegie, the Hon. James George Alexander Bannerman Carnegie, was born in 1929. Lord Carnegie is a captain in the Scots Guards Reserve of Officers, and for some time was on the staff of the then Viceroy of India, Lord Chelmsford, who held office from 1916 to 1921

PRISCILLA IN PARIS



MLLE. MADELEINE RENAUD CHEZ ELLE

The pretty young actress and Sociétaire of the Comédie Française taken at her own house. She recently made her talkie début in "Jean de La Lune," which some people think we should translate "Jack o' Lantern"

had not been invented, and reached the theatre almost before the ladies of the mop and bucket had finished chasing the last cigar stub from the red carpeted foyer. All that could be seen of the treat to come was what looked to me like several large-sized cheese boxes in a green linen bag on the marble floor of the lobby, which a grimy and worried-looking little man in shirt-sleeves picked up and bore away as I entered.

In the auditorium, sitting on the rail of the orchestra pit, was quite the largest man I have ever seen; he was wearing the sort of careless hat and sort of opulent overcoat that immediately branded him as a Somebody of the Theatrical or the Film world. He was quite silent, but his expression and the way he looked at his wrist-watch and then up at the operator's cabin behind the grand circle somehow explained the shirt-sleeved man's worried air. From the cabin came the sounds of further worry.

TRÈS CHER, —Early (or fairly early) on Easter Monday I was rung up on the telephone and a pal's voice told me that if I wanted to see Charlie's film before the opening night I had better go right away over to the Marigny Theatre where THEY were running it through at ten o'clock. The message reached me at the cold-cream-well-patted-in stage of my morning activities and, for once, Elizabeth Arden's golden rules for a healthy epidermis were entirely disregarded. I dressed and coaxed the car out of a congested garage in record time, gave the traffic agent on point duty an *aperçu* of what might so easily happen if four-wheel brakes

Clicks and rustles and crashes. Little nervous noises that made me bless the cheery electrician who set up a happy whistling by the switch board on the stage. He drew the Great Person's fire. The Great Person told us (in eloquent American) exactly what he thought of French operators and managers and theatres and bill-posters and advertisers and ushers and programme-sellers (and I almost agreed with him, though I would rather have died than let him know it), and the electrician went on whistling, and the worried, invisible operator went on fumbling, and when he finished—being out of breath—some ten minutes later we were all as we were before, except that suddenly the little operator popped his head out of the cabin, looking exactly like a mild little toad, and mildly asked (just as if we'd been making him wait) "whether he mightn't begin now," which so flabbergasted the Great Person that he crashed over backwards into the musician's *fosse*, where, however, he had the luck to "fall soft" on the conductor's cushion . . . while he was climbing out the electrician switched off the lights and the film started.

City Lights is already an old story to you favoured folks in London, and my opinion has but little importance, so I will refrain from inflicting it upon you, but I know one thing, *Très Cher*, and that is that I am glad I am not always of those select souls such as kings, presidents, and millionaires who have private views and command performances of films and plays. What are the stalls and boxes without the pit and upper galleries? That I enjoyed almost every moment of Mr. Chaplin's film goes without saying, but how much keener was my pleasure next evening when the rest of the world laughed with me. And *how* it laughed—aye, and cried too, for "Charlot" appeals to the French as no other universal clown (except, of course, Grock) does, has done, or ever will do.

Spring has come to Paris (at time o' writing) with a sort of sudden, exuberant splendour to which we are unaccustomed, and our fancies are lightly (and recklessly) turning to thoughts of suitable raiment in which to greet the sunshine. I was walking happily down the rue Royale this a.m. in a joyous mood humming a little tune to which I set the suitable words, "Oh to buy at Molyneux's now that April's here," when I barged into the gallant Captin isselt! "Whither away, laddie," quoth I, fondly imagining that he was returning *chez lui* to be present at the Press show of the semi-season pretties that were to be shown to a small select few that morning, and that I should be invited to walk into the parlour. But not 'im! Off to the Cap d'Ail he woz in order to make ready for the guests—Lady

Cynthia Mosley amongst them—who are due for the house party he is giving to inaugurate the new swimming pool that he has built in the grounds of his lovely villa, La Capponcina, overlooking the sea.



WALTER GIESECKING, THE GREAT INTERPRETER OF DEBUSSY

An impression of the enormously tall and very eminent musician at a recital he gave recently at the Salle Pleyel in Paris, and at which he devoted himself principally to Debussy and Chopin. Not long ago Giesecking was playing Mozart to us at the Queen's Hall, at the Philharmonic Concert, and also his favourite Debussy

Paris is very lovely just now—all the public gardens have been made gay with quantities of tulips and hyacinths. I took a country cousin up on the Eiffel Tower the other day to admire the view, and she was amazed at the blaze of colour, though, to be strictly accurate, I must admit that part of it was due to the school caps (seen from above) of our hundreds of young British visitors.—Love, *Très Cher*, PRISCILLA.



Eva Barrett, Rome

H.M. THE DOWAGER QUEEN MARIE OF ROUMANIA

A new and exclusive portrait of H.M. Queen Marie of Roumania, taken in the beautiful studio designed and decorated by herself in the Palace of Cotreceni at Bucharest. Cotreceni was originally a monastery, and is a most picturesque and historically interesting pile. Her Majesty's literary and artistic gifts are well known, and she has not only earned renown as a writer, but has in addition dramatic talent of a very definite quality

TIGHT LINES

Good Sport on the
Tweed and Teviot



A NICE FISH FOR
LORD BOWMONT
ON THE TEVIOT

MISS MURIEL BOWDEN
IN ACTION; (on the right)
MAJOR IAN BULLOUGH
DRESSED TO "KILL"



BRIGADIER-GENERAL TROTTER DOES WELL ON THE TWEED



FISHING A LIKELY POOL: SIR HAROLD BOWDEN

Spring salmon fishing in Scotland is a real test of keenness, for participants are frequently frozen to the marrow when pursuing their lordly prey in waders or a boat. The Tweed and its tributary, the Teviot, are both early rivers, and they have yielded fair sport in the Kelso neighbourhood, where these pictures were taken. Sir Harold Bowden and Miss Bowden are particularly ardent anglers and have been fishing the Tweed from Ednam House. Major Ian Bullough, who has taken Carhum Hall on a five-year lease, was Master of the Ledbury from 1922 to 1927. Lord Bowmont is the Duke and Duchess of Roxburghe's only son and is staying at Floors Castle, his father's Roxburghshire seat for the Spring fishing. General Trotter, a Gentleman Usher to the King, has been extra Equerry to the Prince of Wales since 1925



FLOWERS AND FOXES—WITH THE ROYAL CALPE FOXHOUNDS

THE MASTER, THE MARQUESS OF MARZALES, is in the centre with his whippers-in. On the left is CAPTAIN W. D. STAMER, and, on right, MR. A. B. HANKEY



LADY JELlicoe AT A RECENT MEET



LADY BUTE JUDGING AT THE HOUND SHOW

The Marquess of Marzales has been Master of the Royal Calpe Hounds for a great many years and hunts hounds himself. Mr. A. B. Hankey and Mr. E. R. Mahoney are his honorary whippers-in, and A. Pesino is his kennel huntsman. The hunt has always been extremely popular with the garrison at Gib. and with the officers of the Mediterranean and Atlantic Fleets and also with anyone who may happen to be on a globe-trotting expedition. The Marchioness of Bute, who is a familiar figure in the Shires, is seen judging at what can only have been a show of the pack as a whole and not of the puppies, for it seems a bit too early according to our ideas in England. Lady Jellicoe was out with them several times during her recent visit

Photographs by Chas. E. Brown

THE PASSING SHOWS: "Autumn Crocus," at the Lyric Theatre



SHE WANDERED UP THE MOUNTAIN SIDE

Fanny Grey, the school-teacher from Eccles (Miss Fay Compton), waits at the shrine for Herr Steiner (Mr. Francis Lederer). Her love for the inn-keeper blooms like an autumn crocus, only to be crushed by the cruel fact that her Tyrolese Romeo is married. This love scene on the mountain side is beautifully played and staged

"ALWAYS base your play on something that has happened in real life. Don't sit down and invent a complete story. If you do the chances are that you have sat down to write a failure." That is Mr. Frederick Lonsdale's advice to young dramatists, and no one will question its wisdom. If Miss Dodie Smith had been born

a man, or in an age of newspaper indifference to personal, and especially petticoat, achievement, our curiosity, if we had any, about the author of *Autumn Crocus* would remain unassuaged.

But now we know that Miss Smith buys and sells in a Tottenham Court Road emporium, failed as an actress, is petite, dark and vivacious, favours a fringe, means to stick to her job, and wrote her play because she remembered a holiday spent in a certain secluded valley of the Austrian Tyrol. All of which is worth knowing. A system which frequently ordains that any creative artist should moulder in the grave for half a century, unhonoured and unsung, should be nipped in the bud on every possible occasion. The discovery of a new

playwright is of far greater import than the discovery of a new planet. The playwright is in our living midst ready to succeed again. The planet, in all probability, died of some adastral complaint twenty billion years ago.

Autumn Crocus is a romantic episode, a holiday idyll, all dewy with unspoiled romance. If only the author had given the exact map reference half the unknissed spinsters in London would be buying rucksacks and alpenstocks, preparatory to abandoning the Leas of Folkestone for the slopes of the Tyrol. For here they might meet, as Fanny Grey met, a hotel proprietor like Herr Steiner, "the gentleman in gay braces," who smiled over his typewriter, who treated his lady guests like a joking, brotherly cavalier, who sang entrancing folk-songs in the evening, accompanying himself on the harp, who was, in fact, a likeable person. Miss Grey, thirty-five, an orphan, with an unearned income of forty pounds, fell in love with Herr Steiner almost at once. She taught small children the elements of reading, writing, and arithmetic in Eccles. The sun does not often shine in Eccles (she said), and when you are thirty-five and capable at moments of looking (and feeling) not more than eighteen, and when the sight of dazzling mountains and the soft music of cow-bells under the stars, and the gold of sunshine on green valleys . . . well, what chance had Fanny Grey of keeping her head?

We saw it all coming, of course. The picturesque, curly-headed Herr Steiner made such gentle fun of the little brown lady in the spectacles and the not-too-well-fitting tweeds. Fanny, engulfed in beauty and happiness, bloomed suddenly like the autumn crocus on the mountain side. The spectacles went first, followed by the faded-spinster complex. That night, while her stern companion pined for sleep, Fanny stood upon the balcony of her bedroom. She looked at the stars and listened to the cow-bells. Herr Steiner came out upon the next balcony and they talked, even touched hands. Fanny quoted *Romeo and Juliet*, *sotto voce*, and laughed. The spell was working.



VISITORS FROM THE VICARAGE

The Parson (Mr. George Zucco) and his sister (Miss Muriel Aked) bandy words about their borrowed books on Sex and other modern complexes. His excuse as a custodian of souls is the need for keeping abreast with modern thought. "And what about my girl guides?" is the unmaidenly retort

Next morning, they met by the little shrine at the foot of the mountain. The croci flowered, a tiny light burned in the bright sunshine before the enthroned Madonna.

Then the truth slipped out. Herr Steiner was married to the lady in the button boots who hovered silently between the kitchen and the dining-room. It shocked him terribly to think that Fanny did not know. Everyone knew he was married, everyone knew Frau Steiner. Fanny said it was all over, and in any case it didn't matter because they were leaving, she and the gorgon with the Baedeker, in a few hours for Venice to join an even more formidable schoolma'am on holiday. Summoning the best argument of all, Herr Steiner took her quickly in his arms and kissed her, as warmly as he knew how, on the lips. Fanny decided that she would stay.

In the last act sweet Reason and sweeter Romance for once go hand in hand. If Fanny had stayed, as she promised, her autumn blooming would have dwindled into a mean intrigue, leading nowhere. To stay in the hotel at her host's expense and be his mistress; to set up as a school teacher in Innsbrück, and await his clandestine visits. Both were impossible. Fanny, giving herself away as usual, failed dismally before the gorgon's severe but well-meant cross-examination. And go she did. With tweeds and spectacles restored, carrying in her suitcase the borrowed shawl which had accompanied her to the shrine where the mountain air blew keenly of a morning, and in her heart a perfect idyll. How it would gleam, starlike, through and above the greyness that was Timbuku—*or rather Eccles*, for ethereal Miss Compton, I need hardly say, has no mortal link with either. Such virtuosity and enchantment engender mixed metaphors. Choirs of archangels, running water, faint chords on a spinet, Mendelssohn's "Spring Song," The Madonna in repose, a kitten without claws, La Belle Dame—with mercy, Mary Rose. Above all, perhaps, Mary Rose. Miss Compton chooses her intonations as if each one were a silver bell to be picked up from a row, rung gently and deliberately, and put back in its place. Mr. Francis Lederer's inn-keeper is in perfect pitch. Mr. Lederer is a great deal more than a foreign charmer who has learnt to speak attractively "broken" English. Good as his performance is, with its not too conscious charm and its virile sincerity, it will probably improve as he becomes more accustomed to the language he has learned in so surprisingly short a time.

All the "minor" characters are sharply drawn with an eye for contrast and a keen sense of fun. Perhaps there is something peculiarly vitalizing in the Tyrolean air which makes for individuality. In fact, something of the vivid Sanger atmosphere pervades the Rote Hirsch Inn after dinner, thanks, in part, to Mr. Basil Dean's flair for producing a stage concert with many deft and spontaneous touches. Mr. Frederick Ranalow sings delightfully as the friendly German "hiker," and Miss Compton's shyly sung folk song is as irresistible as the rest of her spell-binding performance. Only Miss Martita Hunt's Baedeker lady, an admirable portrait, strikes a note of severity. In less mellow surroundings—the vicarage garden for instance—Mr. George Zucco's modest parson might conceivably have shown less



MODERNS IN ARCADY

Two of the nicely contrasted and humorously drawn characters which enliven the background of the school ma'am's idyll. These two inmates of Herr Steiner's Hotel are highly advanced thinkers who scorn convention. She (Miss Jessica Tandy) is rather "Chelsea," while her co-experimenter in companionate marriage (Mr. Jack Hawkins) affects a Tyrolean wardrobe. Both have the same redeeming sense of humour

tolerance to the young couple trying out an experiment in companionate marriage, who lent him books on sex complexes and other neo-Freudianisms.

These pioneers might easily have been tiresome, but Miss Jessica Tandy and Mr. Jack Hawkins were so natural and charming behind their blunt modernity that one scarcely blamed the parson for his lack of remonstrance. As his sister who lost her way on the mountain, drank beer for the first time at the top, climbed down on all fours minus the sleeves of her blouse, arrived sore, muddy, and late, drank neat brandy on an empty stomach, and became both expansive and peculiar in consequence, Miss Muriel Aked has another spinster part bristling with chances to exploit the foibles of the Immemorial Aunt who is frump by fate and flapper by instinct. Miss Aked is in her finest fettle, and one can hardly bear her to leave the stage. Miss May Agate performs the twin miracles of talking fluent German and seeming to perspire under our very eyes. It would not surprise me to learn that she spoke Esquimaux like a native. *Autumn Crocus* being well and truly planted will assuredly grow up into a nice, hardy annual.

"TRINCULO."



AN ANGLO-GERMAN RENCONTRE

The melodious German tourist (Mr. Frederick Ranalow) and his homely frau (Miss May Agate) encounter "the Lady with the Baedeker" (Miss Martita Hunt) en route for the bath

UP IN THE AIR !



MRS. FRANCIS FRANCIS (MISS SUNNY JARMAN)



MRS. GERARD D'ERLANGER AND CAPTAIN PARKES



LADY MARGARET DRUMMOND-HAY IN HER PUSS MOTH



MR. W. L. RHODES-MOORHOUSE AND MRS. RHODES-MOORHOUSE

All these pictures were taken quite recently at the Heston Aerodrome, where private owners of planes do mostly congregate, and all of the people in them are very keen students of the art and science of this most fascinating game. Mrs. Francis was off for a joy ride, but was not, we understand, taking the Pokes aloft with her. Mrs. Gerard d'Erlanger, formerly Miss Edythe Baker, is getting a lesson from Captain Parkes, a very well-known Heston instructor, who has taught a good many people how to do it. Lady Margaret Drummond-Hay is the younger of the Duke and Duchess of Hamilton's two daughters. Two of her brothers are fliers, the Marquess of Clydesdale and Lord Malcolm Douglas-Hamilton. Mrs. Rhodes-Moorhouse is the wife of Lieutenant Rhodes-Moorhouse, V.C.

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MARY PICKFORD'S NEW FILM



MARY PICKFORD AND JOSEPH CAWTHORN IN "KIKI"



"KIKI" HERSELF

The new film, "Kiki," was not finished when these pictures were taken in the United Artists' Studios in Hollywood, and no story of what it is all about has yet been broad-cast, but judging by appearances it is the kind of thing that "the world's sweetheart" prefers to the little girls in pinafores and sun bonnets, of which she used to be so fond. Mary Pickford discovered some time ago that she had what is called "It," and proceeded to exploit it, with the greatest success. Her first venture in the vamp line was "Coquette," and "Kiki" looks as if she might be that lady's twin sister. Besides Margaret Livingstone, who plays the part of a jealous divorcée, and Joseph Cawthorn, seen above, there are Reginald Denny, Fred Walton, Fred Warren, and some other leading lights in the story. Sam Taylor is producing



WAITING FOR THE CAMERAS: Left—MARGARET LIVINGSTONE; right—SAM TAYLOR AND MARY PICKFORD



ANOTHER WIN FOR MISS DIANA BELL

The young daughter of the Master of the South and West Wilts and Mrs. Isaac Bell gained her fifth victory between the flags this season by winning the Adjacent Hunts Ladies' Race at the New Forest Buckhounds and Foxhounds combined hunt 'chases. Miss Diana Bell's previous successes were achieved on her good little horse Rattles. On this occasion she was riding her mother's Iliad

BETWEEN THE FLAGS IN THE NEW FOREST



LADY MARY GROSVENOR

Constance Duchess of Westminster's younger daughter having her number fitted while her mother looks on. Lady Mary Grosvenor was third in the Ladies' Race and her horse, Second Story, won the New Forest Hunt Cup



LADY CAROLINE AGAR AND HER ONLY BROTHER, LORD SOMERTON



LADY KATHARINE MANLEY WITH MR. MORANT AND HIS SISTER

Lord Northesk's only sister was one of the many spectators at the New Forest Hunts' Point-to-Point, held at Nea Croft, and found the car park a good observation post. Lady Katharine married Captain W. B. L. Manley, Grenadier Guards, in 1924. Mr. Morant and his sister are the children of Lady Kathleen Hare by her first marriage to the late Mr. E. J. H. Eden Morant; young Lord Harrington is their first cousin. Lord Somerton and Lady Caroline Agar, Lord and Lady Normanton's only son and third daughter, will be putting on wedding garments to-morrow, April 23, when their youngest sister, Lady Rosemary Agar, marries Mr. Christopher Jeffreys. Lord Templemore's Hampshire place is near Alresford, and Lady Montagu of Beaulieu is another eminent inhabitant of this county



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LUCKY GUESTS

At Mr. W. R. Hearst's Californian "Chateau"



MISS NORMA SHEARER, WITH THE MARQUIS DE LA FALAISE (right) AND MR. CECIL BEATON

Mr. William Randolph Hearst, the noted American newspaper magnate, who owns nearly a dozen publications, has a magnificent estate in California, where, in the most luxurious surroundings, he gives wonderful house-parties. Among his recent guests were a dazzle of Hollywood stars, including Marian Davies, Norma Shearer, Constance Talmadge, Adolphe Menjou and his wife, and Gertrude Olmsted and Mona Maris. Mrs. Menjou, formerly Kathryn Carver, was married in 1928, and she and her husband spent their honeymoon in London and Paris. The Marquis de la Falaise was formerly the husband of Gloria Swanson. Mr. Hearst rather prides himself on disliking anything English, but he makes an exception in the case of Mr. Cecil Beaton, who has stayed with him more than once



IN HOLIDAY MOOD AND MODE: MISS MONA MARIS ON THE TERRACE AT MR. HEARST'S COUNTRY HOME



MISS CONSTANCE TALMADGE, MR. ADOLPHE MENJOU, MISS KATHRYN CARVER (MRS. MENJOU), AND MISS GERTRUDE OLMSTED



MISS MARIAN DAVIES AND HER FRENCH BULLDOG



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by
HUBERT ROBERT
FR. (1738-1808)

Established
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Pictures in the Fire

By "SABRETACHE"

THE kind of news which cheers us up on a day when our skin does not fit us, the gods do not love us, and we think it is going to rain:

Troops sent recently from Portugal to quell the holiday island revolt have joined the rebels; and the Portuguese Armada, consisting of two troop-ships and a war-ship, are still held up off Portugal, but, says their commander, the morale of the troops is excellent.

But then he adds, in other words: "I have refrained at present from telling them where they are going or what for." Perhaps they thought when they embarked that they were going for a rest cure and a bit of sun-bathing at that delectable spot, Funchal. How is Colonel Fernando de Borges, the O.C. this punitive expedition, going to get his heroes ashore when he gets to Funchal? The ship's derricks and a hair brush, bristle side, or what?

* * *

Once upon a time when I was in India a Revolution broke out in the Portuguese colony of Goa, a few miles south of Bombay. It was, as far as I remember, a very good show. The principal battle was concerned with a long and very decorative brass cannon dating back to the times of Katharine of Braganza, who brought as part of her dowry to our King Charles II, Bombay (leased to the East India Company for £10 a year, about a fifth of what you will pay per week for a really good flat in London). However, in this Revolution they filled the old gun up with all the gun-powder they could find, some sardine tins and jam jars and so forth, then primed the touch-hole, and fastened a long bit of oiled lamp-wick to it. Then they retired to a considerable distance and lit it. There was a most horrible noise, and when all the slates and old boots and bits of brick left off coming down, Goa was empty. Both the Government troops and the Rebels had vacated. The Revolution was over. The old gun had completely disappeared.

* *

My birthday is long behind me but presents (in books) continue to descend upon me in an absolute avalanche, and almost all of them have to do with that thing which is so good for both the liver and the temper—fox-hunting. The "Pegasus Book," which is edited by Major Ted Lyon, ex-M.F.H. of the Atherstone (1922-23 alone and 1923-24 with Major Bertram Hardy, ex-Joint Master of the Meynell) is a capital production, and the only criticism I dare venture is that it is a bit too topical; that is to say that it does not cast forward quite enough and may be out of date five, ten, or twenty years hence. I think that we who try to do books of this description, that is to say, about sport, no matter what the department, should endeavour to write for keeps. As a present record of

things of to-day in the worlds of hunting, racing, and polo, I think the Editor and his General Staff have done marvellously well, and I take my hat off to him and to all of them, but I do believe that we have got to make an all-round my hat cast and try to make anything we do date as little as possible. "Pomponius Ego" Apperley, in his otherwise praiseworthy



Balmait

SIR JOHN SIMON AND HIS CADDY AT NORTH BERWICK

Hard-working people do occasionally get a bit of relaxation. Sir John Simon is not Gandhi's best friend, because he sees through him and his following from his waistcoat (if any) to his backbone—and then some



AT A FANCY BALL IN VIENNA

A group at a recent fancy dress ball given by Lieut.-Commander and Mrs. Cecil Dillon at their home in Vienna. Mrs. Cecil Dillon was formerly the Baroness Ilda Bernemezza. In this group the names, left to right, are: H.R.H. the Archduchess Margarete, Mrs. Dillon-Bernemezza, Baron de Vaux, Count Gyula Desewffy, Princess Illy Odescalchi, H.R.H. the Archduchess Dagmar, wife of the Archduke Leopold; sitting—the Countess Clauzel, wife of the French Ambassador to Austria

productions, never omitted to tell us when he jumped a fence alongside a Peer of the Realm, but he is peculiarly silent about the numerous occasions upon which I feel sure he had to play second fiddle to some hard-riding light-weight farmer out for a school on a blood-like five-year-old he had bred himself. He never says a word about the time when James Pigg said, "Ar niver gets off," and pounded him properly at that stake and bound. Not that this "Pegasus Book" is a bit like that, for it is not. My only suggestion is that it is very much of the hour: hound lists, polo handicaps, and so forth, which are here to-day and gone to-morrow. There is, nevertheless, a lot of good meat, and anyone who is interested in any kind of sport on four legs will love it, as I do. One of the best chapters in the book is that written by Major T. Bouch, ex-Master and huntsman of the Belvoir, on "Some Aspects of Huntsmanship," and, as is the case with Mr. Ikey Bell's chapter in the Lonsdale Library book, any one who may aspire to hunt a pack of hounds will read it with very great advantage and gain much knowledge from someone who is eminently qualified to impart it. A good lecturer is born, not made. I cannot quote the whole chapter as I should like to do, because space is limited. But here are some passages which will give the reader a line to hunt:—

A hound, like most other dogs, by nature and breeding and the example of his comrades, wants to hunt and

(Continued on p. viii)

Why be vague? Ask for—

Haig



no finer whisky goes into any bottle

BUBBLE & SQUEAK

THE following story is told concerning Captain Charles Barnard, the well-known aviator. At a dinner-party he was seated next to a lady, and the conversation turned on aviation. His partner, not knowing who he was, asked Captain Barnard if he had ever flown, and he told her, with justifiable pride, that he had just flown to the Cape and back with the Duchess of Bedford.

"Oh, indeed!" replied the lady. "But, of course, you must have felt quite safe in her hands!"

* * *

TWO men had celebrated the night before and were comparing notes.

"My wife was in a terrible rage," said Jones. "We argued for hours. How did you get on?"

"Oh, mine chased me into a cupboard."

"And then what did you do?"

"I locked myself in—and she demanded that I should open the door and come out."

"And did you?"

"No, fear! I'm master in my own house!"

* * *

HE was an enthusiastic but unsuccessful dancer and at one period during the dance a really clever dancer had the misfortune to have him for a partner.

"I wish I were in your shoes," he said, with admiration in his voice, as he blundered round the ball-room with the girl.

"Perhaps so!" she retorted, icily. "But I wish you would refrain from attempting to get into them now."

* * *

A Scotsman travelling in Palestine learned of an addition to his family circle. The happy father immediately provided himself with some water from the Jordan to carry home for the christening of the infant, and returned to his native land.

On the Sunday appointed for the ceremony he presented himself at the church and sought out the beadle in order to hand over the precious water. He pulled the flask from his pocket, but the beadle held up a warning hand, and came nearer to whisper: "No the noo, sir; no the noo! Maybe after the kirk's oot!"

* * *

Mrs. Smith heard a man ascending the staircase of the block of flats late at night, and supposing it to be her husband, she opened the door and administered a severe beating. When she had got her breath again, she discovered that the man was not her husband, but the man in the flat above, and made her abject apologies.

"I should think you ought to be sorry," the man exclaimed, "and now I'll have to go through all that again!"

* * *

An American farmer was interviewing a negro who applied for work. "Are you familiar with mules?" he asked. "No, sah," was the reply. "Nebber hab been. Ah knows too much about dem to be familiar wid dem."



Carlo Edwards

"ARGENTINA" AND MADAME ROSA POUCELL (and below)



"ARGENTINA" ABOARD THE "ILE DE FRANCE" WITH CAPTAIN BLANCARD

Argentina, the famous Spanish dancer, is due to make her very first appearance in London under Mr. Cochran's banner at the London Pavilion on May 27. She will appear, so it is said, at three specially arranged matinées. In the top picture Argentina is in her great friend's (Rosa Poucell, the famous soprano) dressing room during a performance of "L'Africaine." The lower picture was taken when Argentina was on her way back from the States in the s.s. Ile de France

"You want to stop now"! cried the incredulous golfer, "but we've only played three holes."

It was her first day at golf and she said, "Well, the pro. told me that the par for the round was 76, and I've played that number already."

During a history lesson a teacher asked his class "What happened in 1483?"

"Luther was born," answered a pupil promptly.

"Quite right. And what happened in 1487?"

After a long pause the pupil ventured, "Luther was four years old."

It was a one-sided game, and at half-time the home team had scored seven goals without reply from their opponents. Twenty minutes' play in the second half produced five more goals, and then the referee gave a shrill blast on his whistle.

"What's that for?" asked one of the players.

"The finish!" replied the referee, bitterly. "I ain't going to be a 'bloomin' ready reckoner any longer. Either the game stops or one of you goes and fetches out the cricket scoreboard!"

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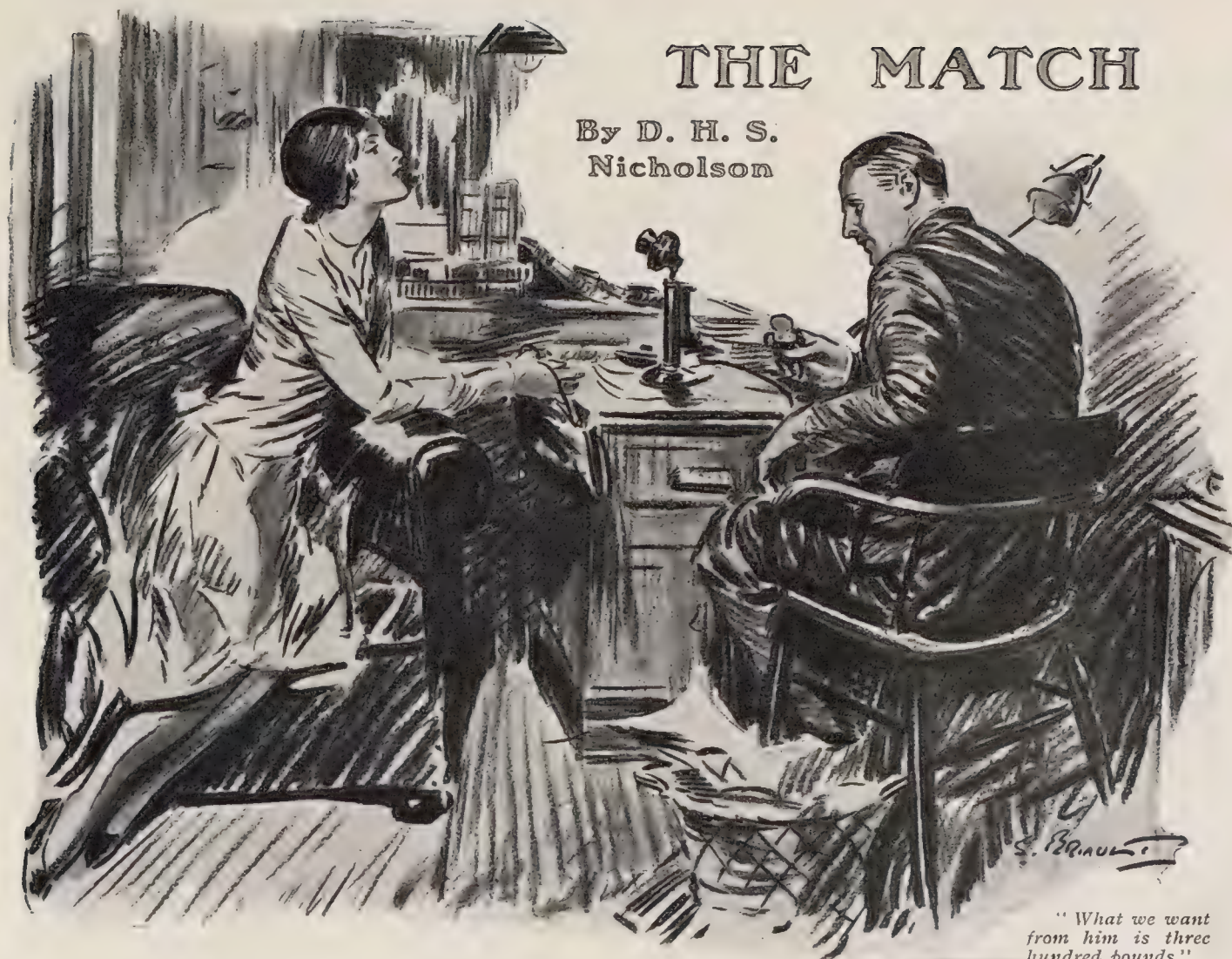
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To-day, as for the past one hundred and forty years, where quality is the sole criterion, the Soda Water is Schweppes.

THE MATCH

By D. H. S.
Nicholson



"What we want
from him is three
hundred pounds"

"TIT" Martin was not so nicknamed because of any feeling among his friends that as he had been born to the surname of one bird, he ought commonly to be known by the name of another. Nor was it due to a resemblance to any kind of bird. Tit was tall and fair and markedly slow in his movements, and if he was like anything in the animal world it was to a good-natured sheep-dog. He had, moreover, been christened Ronald.

The name arose, in fact, from nothing more likely than the purchase of some shares from Henderson, whom Ronald regarded (rightly) as a good man of business and (wrongly) as a friend. It was as a friend that Henderson drew his attention to the rare chance of picking up 500 shares in Oriental Fisheries, Ltd., and as a business man that he forgot to mention a common impression among pearl dealers that in a few weeks' time Oriental Fisheries would be worth nothing to speak of at all. Ronald was not a pearl dealer and, being innocent and trusting at the time, he bought them, and got no change of any kind out of Henderson when the slump came. Henderson's change amounted to something in the neighbourhood of three hundred pounds.

Ronald brooded over these facts for some time, and at length confided them to Nora. She had, after all, a right to know, since she had astonishingly agreed to marry him, and three hundred pounds on the debit side interfered considerably with their proposed arrangements.

After the first shock she rose to the situation, he thought, wonderfully, and they spent an unproductive hour discussing what they would like to do to Henderson.

"I could give him a black eye, of course," said Ronald at the end of it, returning to his original suggestion.

"I know you could," she agreed, looking at him appreciatively. "But what we want from him is three hundred pounds."

Ronald admitted it, with comments.

"Or a little more," added Nora.

"More?"

"Four or five hundred, perhaps. A couple for damages."

"Tit for tat, eh?"

"Or even," said Nora seriously, "two tits for one tat. We might make it six hundred."

Regrettably, he remarked in a sardonic voice, "Just write and ask him for it, I suppose? Shall we say bank-notes, or will a cheque do?" Then, seeing the look on her face, he said "Sorry," and became, as Nora remarked, sensible again.

After the conversation that followed, Ronald was observed by his friends, at odd moments after lunch and when work was slack at the office, to lose himself in a kind of a dream. Looking at nothing in particular he seemed to be searching for something in his mind. When they inquired anxiously at an explanation he mystified them still further by saying seriously, "I'm looking for a tit. Don't interrupt," and resumed his search. After a few weeks they got used to it, as did Ronald to the inevitable nickname.

The first glimpse of his quarry came to him when he went with Nora on a week-end visit to her aunt. As they were sitting at dinner his eyes fell on a pearl that Mrs. Ellis was wearing, and he frowned. Pearls meant pearl-dealers, and pearl-dealers meant Henderson, and Henderson meant . . . He glanced at Nora and sighed. How could they get married when the money which was to have gone a long way towards the furniture was in Henderson's pocket?

He looked so savagely at the pearl that Mrs. Ellis noticed it and laughed.

"Don't you like pearls?" she asked.

"Love 'em, but—." Pulling himself together, he added, conversationally, "it's a beauty, that, isn't it? Colour and shape, and everything, I mean."

"Are you an expert?"

"Not a bit. Only I've been rather interested in them lately."

"As a matter of fact, it *is* rather fine. I remember my husband telling me that he tried to match it once, but he couldn't find anything like it. Not at a possible price, anyhow. It isn't that it's worth so dreadfully much as it is, but that they ask tremendous sums when you try to get the second of a perfect pair."

(Continued overleaf)

The Match—continued from p. 169

"Just because it's difficult, I suppose."

"Yes. And because millionaires who have fancies about those things are willing to pay nearly anything to get what they want." Mrs. Ellis smiled a little sadly. "And my husband wasn't a millionaire."

"Quite," agreed Ronald politely, and the talk drifted to the rarity of millionairism among the deserving, and from there to the fact, which Mrs. Ellis made no attempt to hide, that there had been several occasions lately on which she had been on the verge of selling the pearl she was then wearing. Only she didn't know much about such things, and she wasn't sure what she ought to get for it and was unwilling to let it go for less than its value.



At the Bedale Point-to-Point:
LADY ZETLAND AND MRS. HOHLER

This meeting was held at Atley Hill, near Scorton, Yorkshire, in first-class weather. The Marquess of Zetland is an ex-Governor of Bengal and a steward of the Jockey Club. Mrs. Hohler's house is Newburgh Priory

He talked to her earnestly for half-an-hour before they went to bed, and the next morning suggested to Mrs. Ellis that she should let him try to get a fair offer for her pearl.

"I know one or two dealers," he said lightly. "I think I could get you a good price, if"—he smiled—"you could trust me with it for a week or two."

"But my dear boy, of course. You really think —?"

Since he certainly thought so, Ronald returned to London with the pearl in his pocket and the beginnings of contentment in his heart.

As it was true that he was not an expert, his first step was to have the jewel valued. Prices he found varied very little, and there seemed no reason to doubt that the average of two hundred and twenty pounds represented its value in the market. Mrs. Ellis would be pleased about that, he thought; he gathered from the experts that its perfect roundness and the

"Quite," said Ronald again, and seemed pre-occupied.

It was later in the evening that Nora observed him regarding the corner of the ceiling with a particularly rapt smile on his face, as though he saw there something too enchanting for words. She noticed that the smile slowly grew and deepened. Then he looked over to her and nodded in the most reassuring way, and thereafter behaved better.

purity of its colouring increased its value beyond any kind of apparent reason.

"Bit of a job to match it then?" he inquired—adding hastily, "if one wanted too."

The valuer pursed his lips. "It'd take you a good deal of time—and money. But I daresay it could be done if anyone had the money to spare."

"H'm," said Ronald, and seemed on the point of saying something else. But, catching sight of himself in a looking-glass, he refrained. In that hat and that suit he certainly didn't look as if he had that or any other money to spare. Something would have to be done about that.

He did it—at the expense of the best part of a month's salary—and appeared in London one day in a morning-coat which said "Savile Row" quickly but clearly to everyone who was able to understand it. The rest of his clothes, from his top-hat to his shoes, were of similar magnificence, and as he made his way to Hatton Garden he conveyed to anyone who noticed him the impression that he had already bought one half of the City of London and was now about to make a liberal offer for the other.

He entered the offices of Messrs. Wesson and Stirling with a flourish, and beamed cheerfully at Mr. Stirling when he sat facing him in that gentleman's office. Mr. Stirling, in return, looked hopeful. Young men of this expansive and clearly opulent kind were as rare as they were good for trade. He inquired, in a generous tone, what he could do for his visitor.

"Pearls," said Ronald genially, "that's what I've come about. Or rather, a pearl. Something rather particular. The fact is —" He broke off and looked round the room as if he expected to see samples lying about on the mantelpiece. "You do keep pearls, I suppose?"

Mr. Stirling smiled forgivingly. "We deal in them—rather extensively, I may say. And we can generally meet the needs of our customers when we know what they are. You had something particular in mind?"

"Rather. The fact is—er—the fact is I'm going to get married and I wanted to make a present. . . . You understand? Rather a special kind of present." He produced the borrowed pearl and laid it before Mr. Stirling. "In fact I want to match that. Been in her family a long time and all that. There used to be another one but it got lost. Years ago, I believe. And I was told that if anybody could match it you could. Anything doing?"

Mr. Stirling picked up the pearl and examined it.

"An exact match?" he inquired after a moment.

"Absolutely. I want its twin, if it's alive. Colour and shape and size and everything."

"H'm," said Mr. Stirling. "Of course I expect I *could* obtain it for you, but — These things come rather expensive you know, Mr. —?"

"Ponson," said Ronald. "Gerald."

"Mr. Ponson. I don't know what you were thinking of going to?"

"Going to?" Ronald wrinkled his forehead as if he found it difficult to catch the idea.

"How much you were proposing to spend," explained the merchant gently.

"Oh. Ha—ha! Oh, yes, of course. Well, I leave that to you, Mr. Stirling. I've no particular feelings. What I want is the jolly old twin, if you can find a suitable oyster to cough it up."

"No — er — particular limit then?"

"Not if you find the right fellow. The fact is, you see, Mr. Stirling, I'm going to get married, and —"

"Quite," agreed Mr. Stirling. "It may take some little time of course. An *exact* match is a matter of some delicacy."

"Do it in a month, d'you think? Must have it by then, you know."

(Continued on p. xii)



THE HON. CHRISTOPHER BECKETT, CAPTAIN
W. E. BIGGE, AND LORD GRIMTHORPE

Also at the Bedale Point-to-Point. The Hon. Christopher Beckett is Lord Grimthorpe's son, and is still at Eton. Lord Grimthorpe is one of the Middleton Committee for next season, and he used to be Joint Master with Colonel Peach Borwick, who is retiring at the end of this season

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By W. G. ASTON

The New Law.

PERHAPS it is still rather early days to make strong assertions, but it really does seem to me (though I confess that I have no official statistics by me at the moment) that the lifting of the speed limit, far from making our roads more dangerous, has definitely made them safer. Thus are confounded the fatuous old Jeremiahs who harrowed our minds with prophecies about death and destruction, and our high-way gutters all running with blood. Because these motor-phobes, like all fanatics, were so loud-voiced we suffered the most abominable injustice for years and years. And now that we have shown that with greater liberty (though with higher penalties for naughtiness) we can and do behave ourselves very nicely, it might not be too much to ask for a little extra indulgence to make up for our past sufferings and disabilities. It would have been not unwelcome, for example, if benches of magistrates had put their hoary heads together and had said "the old repression and persecution never did any good, so let us interpret the new law in a new spirit," for which motorists would have been duly grateful and of which I do not believe they would try to take advantage. But no, in spite of everything the bad old idea, "Here is a motorist, come let us soak him!" still prevails in many courts. What do you think of this case? A driver whose licence has expired only three days is suspended from driving for twelve months. No, it was not driving to the common danger or anything equally nefarious. What happened was this. The licence being out of date meant that its holder was not insured against third party risks, for this insurance is conditional upon the holder being licensed to drive.

This is a point that everyone might do worse than note, for it applies to practically all insurances whether compulsory or no. So the bench fined the unhappy defendant £1 for no licence, a dollar for having no insurance, and took his licence away for a year. The man depended upon his driving for a living, and could show a clean sheet for fifteen years. The sapient chairman observed that the court had no option in the matter. I do not profess to be a lawyer, but it seems clear to me that under the Act the court has quite a lot of discretion. Bad as the drafting of the statute may be it does not force any bench to deliver an absolutely savage sentence. I sincerely hope that



A WINNER AT THE HAMBLEDON POINT-TO-POINT: MRS. BROOME

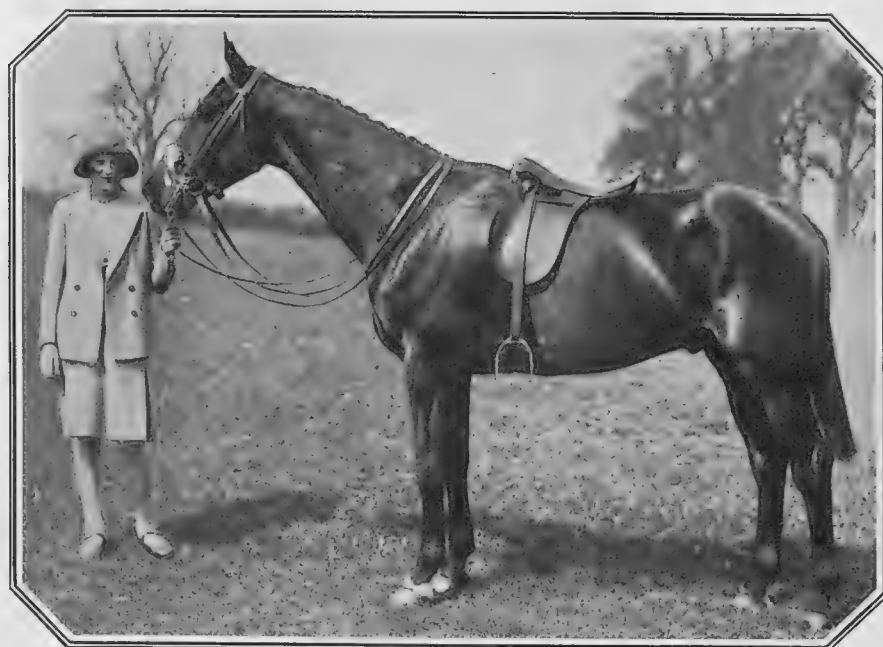
A snapshot at Liss last week, where Mrs. Broome won the Ladies' Race. The Hambledon, whose country lies in Hants and Sussex, are the next-door neighbours of the "H.H." (Hampshire). There is a good deal of grass, and the obstacles are mostly flying ones

our motoring organizations will lose no time in getting this disgraceful case ventilated. I was going to say it was a bad example of vindictive persecution, but perhaps after all it is only crass stupidity. You will note, by the way, the abominable method of multiple summonses for a single offence, against which I have so often protested. One can hardly say it is a breach of Magna Carta (not that that old document counts for much in these days of enlightenment), but it is certainly opposed to all the principles of British justice. It is high time those bodies which exist for the furtherance of our interests put up a fight against this sort of thing. But does it not show what a deplorably haste-marred piece of legislation that Road Traffic Act was? And for slipshodness some of the subsequent regulations run it pretty close. Of course in due time the mistakes are exposed, but you can bet your life that in every instance someone gets victimized.

Feel or Hear.

There are some extraordinarily deceptive faculties about motor-cars, speed, needless to say, being the most notable instance. Now, everybody knows that a body with rattles and squeaks and thumps in it is an uncomfortable thing to ride in, since unpleasant noises are essentially a source of one kind of discomfort. But I would not have supposed, until the other day, that that which was merely objectionable to the ear could definitely suggest the existence of physical discomfort as well. Yet I solemnly assure you that such is the case. Mrs. P.V.'s Hillman has been very inconsiderately treated as far as its body-work is concerned for two and a half active years, and it is not surprising that here and there a part has got a bit loose. Now, one morning I was out in this car, and it seemed to me that the springing had lost some of its characteristic excellence. I told myself that there must be an overhaul of springs, shock-absorbers, and tyre pressures, for this fall from a high standard was not to be endured. During the day a coach-builder went over the body and eliminated most, if not all, of the rumbles and clatters. The immediate result, according to my impression, was that the car instantly regained its old quality of suspension. It was very hard indeed to believe that nothing whatever had been done to anything else except the body-work,

(Continued on p. xvi)



CAPTAIN MAURICE KINGSCOTE'S "CADET": A RECENT WINNER

This horse won the Open-to-the-World Class at the recent United Hunts (Lechlade) Agricultural Show, and also got the Hunters' Improvement Society's silver medal for the best hunter of any age. Captain Kingscote is the Master-elect of the V.W.H. (Cricklade), and has been Field-Master to the Beaufort for many years. He has the reputation of never having been seen out hunting on a bad 'un!

Every lover of sport and the stage should make a point of getting "The Illustrated Sporting and Dramatic News" every Friday

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THE STANDARD MOTOR COMPANY LTD COVENTRY

MOST people's prognostications went a trifle askew over the Camberley Heath inter-club mixed foursomes. Camberley Heath did not win, but they did reach the final and they were taken to the 21st hole in a previous round by Southerndown, none of which was exactly according to plan. Stoke Poges is the new name on the cups, with Mrs. Alec Gold and Mr. C. K. Cotton as that club's representatives. They had their fright and their fight the first day when they beat West Hill at the 19th after being four down and five to go, but that seemed to inspire them. Definite and direct inspiration was the only reasonable way of describing Mr. Cotton's short game; his long was extremely straight; whilst



At Camberley Heath: Mr. R. H. de Montmorency and Miss Lett, the Sunningdale semi-finalists, with (right) Mrs. Alec Gold and Mr. C. K. Cotton, who won the Inter-Club Scratch Mixed Foursomes for Stoke Poges

Eve at Golf

By ELEANOR E. HELME



General Brooke and Lady Fell were matched against each other at Ranelagh, when the Veteran Ladies' Golf Association beat the Senior Golfers' Society by a large margin

Mrs. Gold was long and putted beautifully, so that there was every reason for their winning.

The sensation of the second day was of course Camberley Heath's 21st-hole-win from Southerndown. Mr. and Mrs. Ricardo must get quite tired of being told how well they tease tigers. That morning they were at it again, though for sixteen holes Miss Gourlay was only a shadow of a tigress and the work had to be done by Mr. Oppenheimer. Now he is in process of working out what he hopes will prove salvation by following the theory of hitting

from the inside out. His salvation may be a beautiful thing when it arrives; there were one or two shots which suggested vast possibilities, and on that Wednesday morning he carried the side right nobly. It was all the more praiseworthy since he had stepped into the breach caused by Captain Hawkins having to be on parade that morning instead of continuing his good work of the day before for Camberley. The position, in spite of Mr. Oppenheimer's heroism, was that Southerndown was dormy two. Camberley won the 17th. They won the 18th, and by now Miss Gourlay had suddenly found herself again. At the 19th she had to follow a stupendous second of Mr. Ricardo's, and lashed it right home so that the hole was halved in four. At the 20th she put her tee shot four yards from the pin; Mr. Ricardo put his half a dozen. Mrs. Ricardo sank her putt for a two. She may well have thought that that was the end and heaved a sigh of relief that she would not have to cope with the tee shot at the long 21st. Mr. Oppenheimer must equally have felt sure that he had only to live to that 21st for the extra length of his side to win. He holed his putt for the half and that was emphatically that, for Mr. Ricardo, press he never so wildly, could not put his wife within reach of the 21st, and instead plunged his second away into the jungle. It really was as good a finish as heart could wish.

That afternoon Camberley found Mrs. Walter Payne all astray and General Critchley unable to carry through Princes' crusade single-handed. Stoke Poges, who had beaten the holders, Royal Mid-Surrey, with some severity in the morning, accounted in their semi-final for Sunningdale, though Mr. R. H. de Montmorency and Miss Margery Lett did all that beauty of short game could hope to do. The final was a run-away for Stoke Poges. Miss Gourlay played magnificently, but in a sense she reaped the bitter

fruits of the unsteadiness earlier in the proceedings of which the strain had unsettled Mr. Oppenheimer. He had filled a vacancy nobly at the last minute; he had holed that putt at the 20th against the Ricardos; it was cruel to ask more of him. Stoke Poges lunched 5 up, and though they lost the first three holes in the afternoon, pulled themselves together again after that shattering experience, took with splendid alacrity the chances that were offered them, and won by 7 and 5.

The true and terrific tales of how Middlesex beat Kent, and Surrey only just

got home from Hampshire, must go unsung, so that a few, at least, of the brave deeds done at Woodhall Spa on the first day of the "Britannia and Eve" Northern Foursomes may be recounted.

There were all sorts of thrills, including a hole in 1, the 5th, which was achieved by Mrs. Halcomb of Sheffield and District. To do that and yet lose, especially when one of your opponents breaks her mashie and has to use her partner's, is a little unexpected, but Mrs. Hardicker and Miss Allan fought on against these adventures to win courageously at the 19th. The men's forward tees were used, so that to be out in 40 like Miss Judith Fowler and Mrs. Raymond Cooper, or even 41 like the holders (Miss Rudgard and Mrs. Bradshaw), meant really good golf. Opinion at the moment of writing is very sure that a low handicap pair must come through, but whether it will be Miss Enid Wilson and Miss Hartill or somebody else, nobody dare say. One thing is certain, everybody is supremely happy at Woodhall, and the Consolation Competition has reinforced chocolates as offering real comfort to those who are beaten



Full of hope at Woodall Spa: Miss D. Marshall and Miss Nan Baird setting off to play their first match in the Northern Foursomes promoted by "Britannia and Eve"

CONGRATULATIONS OF THE WEEK

To Miss Sheila Hern, so lately a "Girl," on heading scratch and handicap lists from a record entry at North Hants Open Meeting.



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The Highway of Fashion

By
M. E. BROOKE



Dress does make a Difference.

ALL who are sceptical regarding the importance of dress must make a point of seeing *Five Farthings*, as Marie Tempest, when she assumes the rôle of an old-fashioned mother, is well-nigh unrecognizable. She wears a dress of dove-grey silk; it is cut in a V in front and is softened with a lace collar mellow with age which is caught with a small pale pink cabbage rose. Her mob cap is a marvellous affair; evidently she finds it exceedingly difficult to keep it in position. In the last scene she has reverted to her own amusing self;

It is in the salons of Sarah Jane, 19, Davies Street, that this five-piece sun suit may be seen; it consists of cardigan, wrap-over pleated skirt, blouse, knickers, and brassière. It is made of Rodier sinellie

her evening frock is a mass of shimmering sequins and beads, the newest notes of fashion are reflected in it. Her coat, which becomingly crosses over, is of satin of the tint that is now described as "off white" and is outlined with sable. In the first act her ensemble is decidedly 1931; it is of printed beige and green chiffon. The dress has a small vest of beige chiffon to match the fur that trims the three-quarter length coat.

Simple Frocks for the Country Girl.

Adrianne Allen assumes the rôle of quite a young girl and her frocks are interesting on account of their simplicity. A toll has been levied on white wool romaine for her tennis frock; the hem, not only of her skirt but of her corsage, is vandyked and her white bérêt which partakes of the nature of a skull cap is worn at the back of her head; a telling touch of colour is introduced by a white and red scarf which is artistically draped over her shoulders. In another act she appears in a cinnamon brown dress; the fabricating medium has the appearance of wool piqué, the neck-line and the waist are emphasized with strappings of red, white, and blue silk, which also face her jaunty little blue coat with its much-flared basque. Her coat frock is of one of the new spring wool fabrics; it is double-breasted and finished with a patent leather belt. The collar revers and cuffs are of white piqué, a white handkerchief peeps out of her pocket on the left side.

No Particular Period Reproduced.

All who study the interesting collection of model gowns and wraps at Marshall and Snelgrove's, Oxford Street, W., will come to the conclusion that the creators have not endeavoured to reproduce any particular period, but have evolved styles that give the figure an extremely slender silhouette with long and graceful lines. Generally speaking, the skirts of

evening dresses clear the ground, and for formal functions are reinforced with trains. A lovely Court gown is carried out in snow-white chiffon enriched with bead embroidery; in the distance it suggests painting, the colours are delicate pinks and greens. It decorates the front of the corsage, and is then carried over the hips in waved lines, while in the train which falls from the shoulders the colours of the embroidery are repeated.

Collared with Fur.

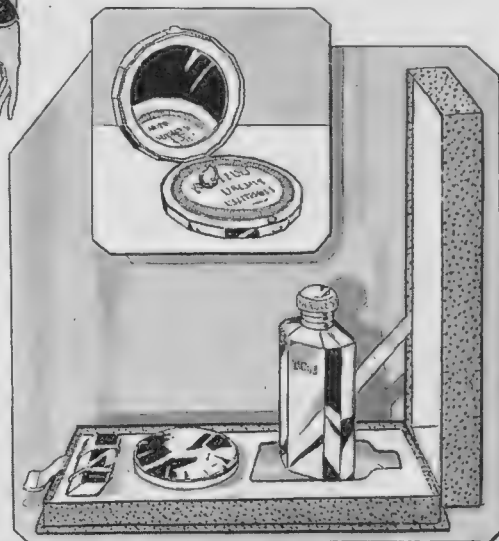
It is indeed difficult to know which of the dresses in the Marshall and Snelgrove collection to choose for description, they are all so attractive. A modified cuirass cut on diagonal lines is the salient feature of an evening gown; it is expressed in curiously shaped silver sequins and crystals, the frock itself being of white chiffon. Destined to accompany it is a white velvet evening coat, which extends in a point to the heels and has a handsome collar of white fox. There is an alternative coat that is sure to be warmly applauded by brunettes; it is of crimson velvet with a black fox collar, it represents

(Continued on p. ii)

Here is a fascinating gift; it consists of a box containing a bottle of Yardley's Orchis perfume, compact powder, and lip stick. (See p. ii)



Primrose yellow wool marquisette makes the dress, and black crêpe de chine with a broderie anglaise designs the coat of this ensemble. It comes from the new Corot salons, 33, Old Bond Street, W. (See p. ii)



There is a wondrous exclusiveness about Yardley's Orchis perfume; in a subtle manner it harmonizes with the personality of the individual



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To-day The Dorchester provides a new experience in London's social life. You are invited to make its early acquaintance. You will be warmly welcomed.

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SUNDAY After Dinner Celebrity CONCERTS

May 3rd **KREISLER**

May 10th **CHALIAPINE**

THE HIGHWAY OF FASHION—continued

the height of luxury. Satin, just the shade of barley before the sun has ripened it, makes an evening ensemble; apparently the dress is composed of innumerable pieces dovetailed together in the cleverest manner possible, the result being a wondrous sheath that would make any woman look graceful. The square train which is an integral part of the frock lightly rests on the ground. The coat is enriched with an all-over stitched sunflower design, the sleeves silhouette the arms, while from the elbows fall graceful cascades; and, of course, there is the well-nigh ubiquitous collar of fur; in this instance it is dyed to match the dress.

A Cross-over of Fur.

The good work that fringe and tucks may do is demonstrated in a dress of sand-coloured chiffon. At the back the tucks are arranged in a series of V's, while in front fringe is introduced to camouflage any defect of the figure. No one could possibly overlook a black velvet coat, as an important feature is a cross-over of white ermine; the ends are tied in a knot at the back; when the wearer is seated these may be unfastened, the cross-over then falls apart and takes unto itself a graceful cowl drapery.

Printed Silk Piqué.

The newest version of printed silk piqué makes an afternoon dress in the Marshall and Snelgrove collection; the corsage is arranged with a V-shaped vest of white-stitched crêpe de chine; at the base of it appears a band of silk braid similar to the braid that is used for the fin-like protrusions which spring from the under-arm seams of the sleeves. The skirt is arranged in becoming folds which give height to the figure. In striking contrast to this affair is one of black wool romaine; the full skirt is simply smothered with narrow, graduated flounces; the corsage is plain in front, with the exception of a small white poppy made of broderie anglaise. There is a line of buttons down the back of the corsage.

A Well-known Name.

The word "Countyx" is one to conjure with in the domain of suits and coats; the family, if so it may be called, increases with astonishing rapidity, nevertheless the latest commands of fashion are reflected in them. They are practical and smart as well as downright gilt-edge investments. The two models illustrated on this page may be seen at Margaret Marks, Knightsbridge, S.W. The coat is made of Haddington tweed, and although it is lined with crêpe de chine it is only 10½ guineas. The Raglan shoulder is becoming and ever so comfortable. To put the matter in a nutshell, it is the perfect travelling coat, no matter whether the journey be made by motor, rail, or plane. Attention must be drawn to the all-in-one dress; it is expressed in

Scotch tweed, with a tunic and bolero effect. Incredible as it may seem, it is a fact that in beige, green and blue it is 4½ guineas. The "Countyx" suits and coats are sold by many firms of prestige, but should difficulty be experienced in obtaining them, application must be made to Countyx, 3, Vere Street, who will gladly send the name and address of the nearest agent.

Crêpe Suède Tennis Skirts.

Every season tennis enthusiasts become more and more particular regarding their outfits, so they will be pleased to learn that Margaret Marks is making a feature of knife-pleated and box-pleated tennis skirts in crêpe suède for 30s. in white, beige, pink, pale yellow, pale blue, and black; the sizes of the waists are from 28 to 36 in. and the length 31 in. A fact to be noted is that, if desired, a 2½-yard length of the material for blouse or coatee is 15s.

A Praiseworthy Ambition.

Everyone will agree that Corot's new salons at 33, Old Bond Street, are perfectly charming, and that their ambition to give entire satisfaction is one that is to be warmly applauded. They realize the fact that women often find it difficult to give unto themselves a new dress just when they need one on account of lack of ready money. Therefore they have arranged a unique method of payment by instalment; one-seventh of the amount is paid at once, and the remainder is spread over six months. To them must be given the credit of the creation pictured in the centre of p. 176 the dress is of primrose yellow wool marquisette, while the coat is of black crêpe de chine worked with a broderie anglaise design; of this ensemble one can become the possessor for 7 guineas.

The Choice of a Perfume.

Now that the warm weather has arrived many women prefer what is frequently called a light perfume. They will therefore be well advised to consider the allure of Yardley's lavender with its lovable fragrance, as it is a perfect perfume for informal occasions; all who have not yet made its acquaintance must invest in a small flask, which is 1s. 9d.; of course there are larger bottles, some of them costing as much as 70s. Orchis is another perfume sponsored by the House of Yardley; it is a case of good wine requiring no bush; purse size bottles are 3s. 9d., and there are others in a metal case for 5s. 9d. Furthermore, there are lipstick and compact powder endowed with the same elusive fragrance.

This "Countyx" coat and frock have been called "The Perfect Pair"; they are sold separately or partnered; the former is of Haddington and the latter of Scotch tweed. They have gone into residence at Margaret Marks, Knightsbridge, S.W.

MILTON

ANTISEPTIC

**CLEANS FALSE TEETH
-AND THAT'S NOT ALL**



CATARRH

page 13

AND THAT'S NOT ALL

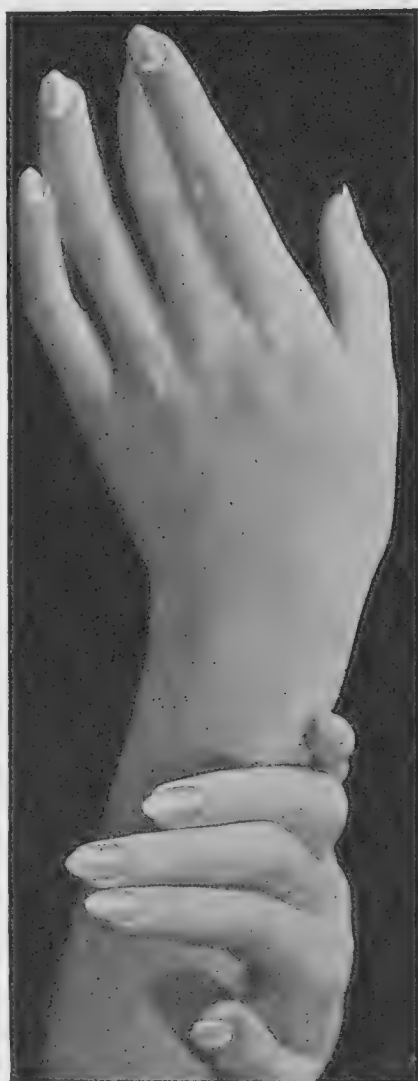
IMMACULATE FINGER NAILS

this quick, easy way!

BEAUTIFUL HANDS—nails trim and spotlessly clean. So attractive, so easy to have!

Just a few minutes spent with Cutex Cuticle Remover & Nail Cleanser, and your hands are immaculate. For this marvellous preparation removes every trace of disfiguring cuticle and makes the nail-tips spotlessly clean and white.

Cutex Powder Polish or the fascinating Liquid Polish, gives a lovely sparkle to the nails. The Powder Polish smooths off ridges and thus prepares a smooth nail surface for the Liquid Polish. Rinse and dry the finger-tips between the two applications. A touch of Cutex Cuticle Oil or Cuticle Cream keeps the cuticle soft and supple; while the new Cutex Nail White Pencil, used under the nail-tips to whiten them, gives a most attractive finish.



Cuticle Remover & Nail Cleanser, 2/-
Cuticle Cream, 1/6. Cuticle Oil, 1/6.
Nail White Pencil, 1/6.
Powder Polish, 1/6. Polish Remover, 1/6.
Perfumed Liquid Polish and Polish Remover, 2/6.
Unperfumed, 2/- You will find all these wherever
toilet goods are sold.

CUTEX

MANICURE PREPARATIONS

TOPICS OF VARIED INTEREST

What's in a Name?

Even men appreciate having their garments marked with Cash's woven names, as then the laundress always sends them back and does not substitute something that does not belong to them. In different colours on a white ground, Cash's names are worth a hundred times their weight in—shirts! The colour does not fade because the yarn is dyed and tested before it is used to weave the names—which is a most complicated process with cards and punched holes; ever so many go into a single letter. Any reputable draper will take your order for Cash's names, which can not only be had in different pretty colours such as mauve and blue, but in many different styles of lettering. An interesting little booklet entitled "Lose Less Linen" will be sent free on request to J. and J. Cash, Limited, Coventry (mentioning this paper), together with samples of names and list of lettering styles in which they can be woven.



A novelty that is sure of a warm welcome is this Cow and Gate Baby Travel Box. It is exceedingly useful when motoring and travelling generally, as it occupies quite a small space in the car

Spring Furnishing.

Fresh curtains and covers, a new chair or a carpet—it is astonishing what a difference can be made to the look of a room by these small touches. Great expenditure is not at all necessary. The comfortable easy-chair pictured below, for instance, although constructed with coppered steel springs, a spring back, and independent spring edge, can be secured for 69s. 6d. in lining, for use with loose covers, or may be covered with any material at a proportionate cost. It is to be found at Williamson and Cole's, High Street, Clapham. Then an inviting bedroom armchair is available for 37s. 6d., made with a good spring seat.

An Invitation to Brides.

Spring and summer brides who wish to furnish soundly but economically will certainly benefit by a visit to Williamson and Cole, whose illustrated brochure, "The Home Beautiful," will gladly be sent post free on request. It gives some idea of the many sound investments to be found. A bedroom suite in the favourite figured walnut, comprising a wardrobe fitted with an inner mirror, hat-shelf, and boot-rails, a dressing-table with a triple frameless mirror, and a chest containing drawers and cupboard, is obtainable complete for 29 guineas. Beds to match can be secured at correspondingly moderate prices.



Inviting, comfortable, and economical is this "Wunda" Easy Chair, made with a spring back and a deeply-sprung seat. It is remarkably inexpensive at Williamson and Cole's (High Street, Clapham)

The CORSLO CROISSETTE & A NEW CORSET BELT

Our Corsetière will gladly demonstrate the advantages of our 'Corslo' Novelties at any time.

THE 'CORSLO CROISSETTE' for full figures. The Model illustrated shows a combined garment which our Corsetière has designed not only to support both abdomen and diaphragm but also to mould the figure to a slimming line. The strappings can be adjusted to suit any full figure according to the support required, and can be adapted, if necessary, to give special abdominal support after an operation. In Cotton Tricot. Measurements required when ordering: bust, waist and hips. (French)

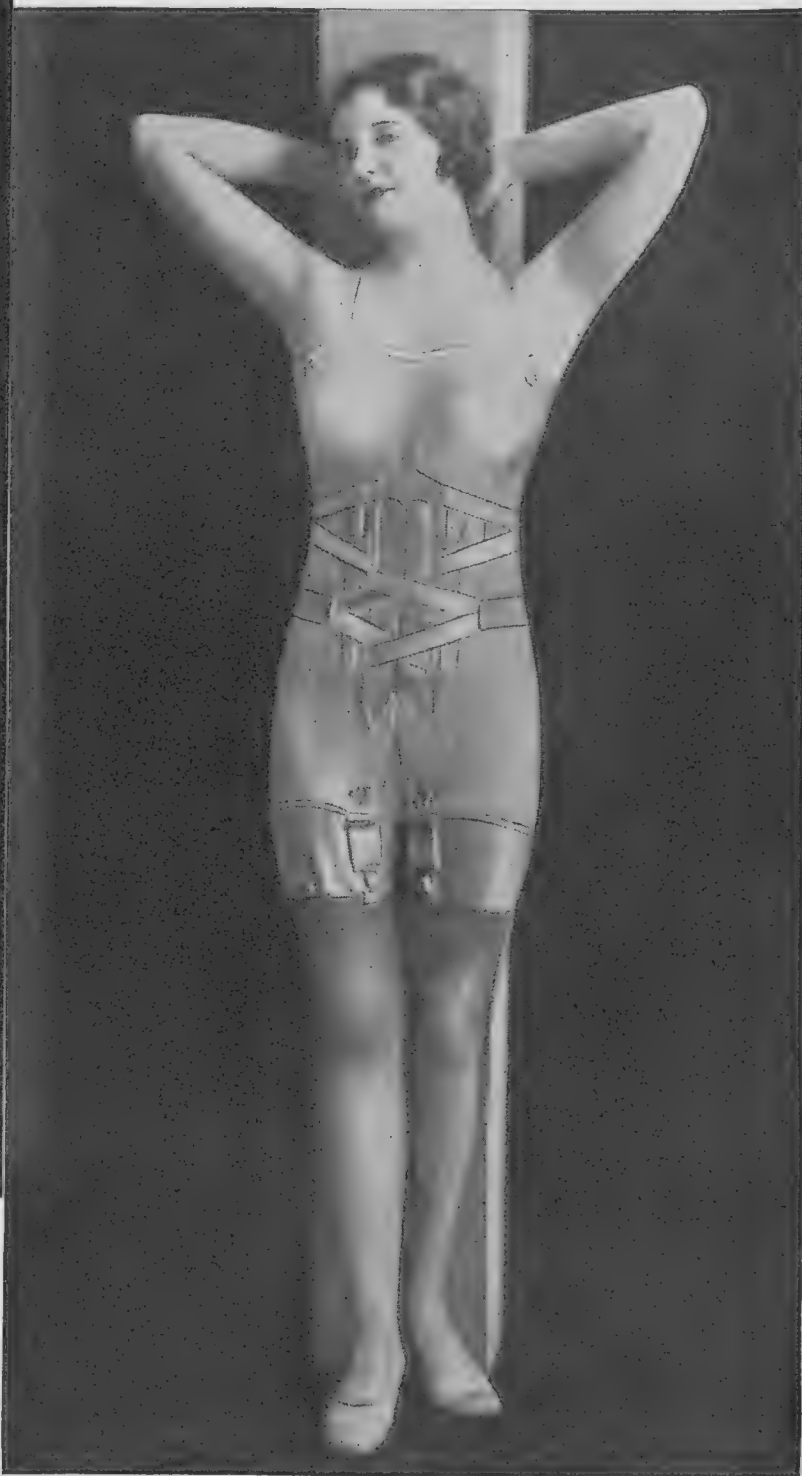
4½ Gns.
7½ Gns.



THE PERFECT CORSET BELT for the Gowns of to-day. It is laced at sides with panels of elastic, and lightly boned at back and front. This model is as popular as any of our 'Corslo' series, and in view of the quality of the material and the workmanship, it is superlative value. Measurements required when ordering, waist and hips.

In Silk elastic and Silk Broché

42/-
4½ Gns.



DEBENHAM & FREEBODY, Wigmore Street London W.1.
(DEBENHAMS LIMITED)

Air Eddies—continued from p. 140

by about eighteen hours. The whole journey took him only nine days four hours eleven minutes. From Kidston's and Scott's flights two inferences are to be drawn. First, in the larger transport aircraft, with a few exceptions, American aircraft is on the whole superior in performance to British, and apparently equally good in general flying qualities. And second, that in the smaller light aeroplanes no aircraft in the world is superior in any respect to the British. I say this, that the person who buys a foreign-made or foreign-designed light aeroplane to-day is not only obtaining an inferior machine in performance, and general handling qualities, and in trustworthiness and longevity, but he is also introducing into his flying an added and unnecessary risk. Mr. Scott's Moth has set the pace for the world in light aircraft design and construction. The Puss Moth has gone on even further ahead. But these are not the only types, and the pilot in search of individuality and certain specific features can find them in British aircraft.

Redwings and Coupés.

There are those, for instance, who insist on side-by-side seating and an open cockpit. For these, as I have been pointing out for some time, there is the Robinson Redwing. There are those who want the side-by-side seating, but who insist on an enclosed cabin. For these, there is the Civilian Coupé. The Civilian Coupé is to the design of Mr. H. D. Boulton, who has been connected with the aircraft industry since 1909. This is really one of the most remarkable light aircraft of the moment. According to the Martlesham report, the stalling speed is well "off the map" of the air-speed indicator, while the top speed, with the A.B.C. Hornet engine, is 102 m.p.h. A higher top speed is obtained with the Armstrong-Siddeley Genet Major engine. The aeroplane is finished in any colour scheme according to the customer's requirements. The present Civilian Company was formed by Sir Benjamin Dawson of Bradford to take over the manufacturing rights



OFF FOR A FLIP!

Mrs. Cotten, who is a keen flyer and has her pilot's certificate, snapped at Hanworth Aerodrome last week in the cockpit of her own plane

of the aeroplane and to begin production. The first machine of the series has done a great deal of flying in the hands of many pilots, and the general opinion is that it is exceptionally easy to fly. As I mentioned last week, the view for the pilot of the Civilian Coupé has been made the object of a special study. It covers a large part of the sphere of sky.

We have therefore four types of aeroplanes, all of them entirely and distinctively British, varying in price from about £650 to more than £1,000, and possessing every sort of quality the private owner can require. The Puss Moth with its high top speed and comfortable three-seat cabin, its wheel brakes and air brakes, its low pressure tyres, and its beautiful appearance is at one end of the scale, and the Robinson Redwing at the other. The Redwing's special features are steep angle of climb and short take-off and landing run, side-by-side seating, with open cockpit and low first and running costs. The Civilian Coupé also has low first and running costs, but it has the enclosed cabin. It follows modern practice in having a tail wheel in place of a tail skid. The open Gipsy Moth is the fourth type, and is too famous to need comment.

Meetings.

On the day this appears the Air League will be holding its annual dinner at the Dorchester, and the endless succession of pageants and meetings will have begun. Every aerodrome in the country is packed with aircraft every fine week-end. Those who doubt the success of private flying ought to visit any London aerodrome on a fine week-end. Aircraft are coming and going all day, and quite a large section of the aerodrome surface is occupied by visitors' aircraft. The conversation is of flying and every take-off and every landing is the subject of interested comment. Those who bounce are always welcome, for they provide the humorous touch; but on the whole the standard of flying on these occasions is extraordinarily high, and it is rare to see anything dangerous or even anything noticeably unskilful. Air sense, in the sense of road sense and not in the nonsensical sense of "air-mindedness," is spreading.

When Atco efficiency is demonstrated on your lawn

—YOU will believe

You have heard lawn owners praise Atco efficiency . . . you have seen the perfect stretches of Atco cultivated turf. Now you should investigate the advantages and economies that Atco will introduce to YOU. The first step is to see the Atco at work on your lawn . . . it can be arranged easily. First of all fill in and post the coupon printed below.

ATCO

ALL BRITISH
MOTOR MOWERS

★ THIS WILL ARRANGE A
FREE DEMONSTRATION

SEEING IS BELIEVING



There are fourteen Atco models, including a new De Luxe range in sizes from 12 to 36 inches. Prices from 21 guineas or obtainable on first deposit of from £6. Send for Catalogues.

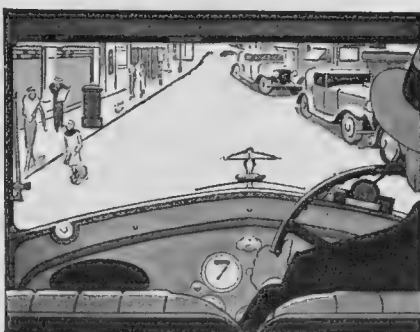
Please demonstrate the Atco Mower on my lawn without obligation onday next and send me Catalogues.

Post this in an unsealed envelope for 1d. to—
CHARLES H. PUGH, Ltd.,
Whitworth Works, 12, Tilton Road, BIRMINGHAM.

"It's astonishing how much you get for £280 in a VAUXHALL CADET"



"The self-starter needs only a touch with the foot. You can hardly hear the engine running, it's so quiet."



"I'll put her into second almost at once... and now into top. The gears are very easy even when you are new to the car."



"Now I can show you her turn of speed. Watch the speedometer... fifty, fifty-five, sixty... she'll keep that up as long as you like."



"These four-wheel brakes give you absolute control. And the acceleration is so good she'll shoot away when he lets us go."



BRITISH

For those who want a bigger car, there is the 24-h.p. Vauxhall Eighty from £485 to £695.

"She's a beauty to look at, too. Wonderful value for £280. There's also the De Luxe saloon with a sliding roof and Protectoglass at £298."

YOU CAN BRING THESE PICTURES TO LIFE

by asking any Vauxhall dealer for a trial run; or you will enjoy our unique driving-picture booklet "Your first ride in a Vauxhall Cadet," sent on request. Vauxhall Sales Department, General Motors Ltd., The Hyde, Hendon, London, N.W.9.

Coupé models, £298; two-seater, £295.

For overseas there is a special 26-h.p. model.

A full range of Vauxhalls is on show at 174-182 Great Portland Street, London, W.1.

Take a trial run in a
**VAUXHALL
CADET**
17 h.p., 6 cylinders



Pictures in the Fire—continued from p. 164

bark. But he is an intelligent animal, and he does both because it amuses him. If he is blown he may do neither. Or he may hang on the line and bark. Or, worse still, he may run on and not bark. In the last case he quickly learns what fun it is to run mute, and that is a virulently contagious and almost incurable disease. I have seen more hunts collapse through a mute hound getting ahead than through any other cause, and I have always been astonished at the toleration with which hunt servants are prone to excuse this most heinous of all hound sins.

Major Bouch also says some words of great wisdom about "deceiving" hounds. Once do it and they are apt to cease to trust you, and no one can blame them. Most hounds know more than most people who hunt them. He also gives us some excellent advice about hounds' mentality. They are a lot of children, and it is quite true to say as Major Bouch does, that they will cry if they are scolded too much. There is also a capital chapter on "Fox-hunting in America" by my personal friend, Mr. J. Stanley Reeve, who hunts with the Radnor, Penn., and there is one note *avec* portrait of someone we all like, Major "Peach" Borwick, the retiring Master of the Middleton, with which we all agree: "He can see eye to eye equally well with a man, woman, child, horse, or dog, hence his great success . . ." I feel sure no one will disagree with that, and equally I am sure that we all sympathize with the



AT THE COLCHESTER BEAGLES HUNT BALL

At supper time: Captain H. Phillips, Mrs. Sloane-Stanley, Mrs. Lister, and Major Sloane-Stanley. The pack is run by the garrison and the ball was held in the Officers' Club, Colchester. They can date their birthday back to 1861, when they were run by Captain Margesson of "The Pompadours," the old 56th Foot, now the Essex Regiment

Middleton in their impending loss. I have one complaint, and it is this, that the editor (Major Ted Lyon) did not write the chapter on equitation himself. If anyone can show us how to sit in the right spot in a thing called in our jargon the "plate," it is he. I cannot forgive him for his modesty. However, an excellent production all round.

* * *

Mr. Alfred or Alfonso or Aloysius or Albert Capone, as it is now more polite and less familiar to call him, having left an American court without a stain on his character, and having characterized the proceedings as "the greatest frame-up I ever knew," presumably will take his right place in Chicago's new social scheme, and be recognized as the Messrs.

Hedges and Butler or the Messrs. Black and White or the Messrs. Johnnie Walker of that illustrious city? The "jedge," as the presiding deity of the criminal court I believe is called, failing the complete lack of any "State" evidence, has said that Mr. Capone is not "an habitu  of disreputable resorts like speak-easies," or in fact anything but a "substantial citizen."

The 15th Hussars Old Comrades' Association Annual Dinner and Dance will be held at Portman Rooms, Baker Street, W., on Saturday, April 25, General Sir William Peyton, K.C.B., K.C.V.O., D.S.O., who is a former C.O. of the regiment, will preside. All information can be obtained from Mr. E. Roberts, 1, Stanley Villas, Boundary Road, N.22.



Prince's Plate

C 511. Fine Mahogany Cabinet, fitted with
4 Table Spoons, 6 Table Forks, 6 Soup Spoons,
6 Dessert Spoons, 6 Dessert Forks, 6 Tea
Spoons, 2 Sauce Ladles, 6 Table Knives,
6 Cheese Knives (stainless steel), 1 pair Meat
Carvers (ordinary steel), 1 Sharpener, 6 pairs
Fish Knives and Forks, 6 pairs Dessert Knives
and Forks (Mother-o'-Pearl Handles.)

£16 : 0 : 0

A Catalogue of Prince's Plate Spoons, Forks, Cutlery, fitted
Cabinets and Household Plate will be sent upon request.



MAPPIN & WEBB

Silversmiths to H.M. KING GEORGE V.

London Showrooms:

156-162 OXFORD ST., W.1
Manufacture

2 QUEEN VICTORIA ST., E.C.4
The Royal Works

172 REGENT ST., W.1
Sheffield

YOUR NEW SPRING SUIT will be a great success if you get it at Austin Reed's. For you will "choose clothes instead of cloth..." just as if you had a range of suits made in all the spring patterns you particularly liked and then chose the one that suited and fitted you best. That is why the Austin Reed Tailoring Service is so widely used and appreciated. The choice in suits is so wide, the system of fittings so perfectly graded that, practically without exception, men find this the quickest, most certain way to perfectly-fitting clothes.

LOUNGE SUITS

new patterns—new styles—in spring-textured cloths

5, 6, 7 & 8 gns.

AUSTIN REED'S

of REGENT STREET

ELEVEN "NEW TAILORING" CENTRES

WEST END: 103-113 Regent Street, W.1 24 Coventry Street, W.1

CITY: 13 Fenchurch Street, E.C.3

Glasgow, Birmingham, Liverpool, Manchester, Sheffield, Leeds,
Bristol and Belfast

*The fit is assured when you choose
clothes instead of cloth—at Austin Reed's*



AUSTIN REED LTD. LONDON

WEDDINGS AND ENGAGEMENTS

MR. AND MRS. J. A. TALBOT-
PONSONBY

Who were married on April 10 at Wardington, near Banbury. The bridegroom is the son of Major and Mrs. Talbot-Ponsonby of Harboursford, and his wife was formerly Miss Frances Elizabeth Fraser, and is the daughter of Mrs. Fraser of Wardington House, Wardington

Navy, and Miss Barbara Anne Cobbe are being married at the Church of St. Mary the Virgin and St. John the Baptist, Newtown, near Newbury, on the 25th of this month; on the 28th, Mr. A. C. Clark and Miss M. N. P. Webb will be married at Christ Church, Lancaster Gate; and on the last day of the month, Mr. F. E. Harmer marries Miss Barbara Hamilton at St. Mary's Church, Bridgwater.

May Weddings.

Some time next month Mr. G. M. Richardson and Miss Eileen King are being married at Aston Clinton; towards the end of May Mr. John E. B. D. Paul, the younger son of Captain G. D. Paul and Mrs. Paul of Theale, Reading, is marrying Miss Harriet Baskerville Agar, the only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Harold Agar of 14, Upper Cheyne Row, Chelsea, and Little Kimble, Bucks, and they are being married in Victoria, British Columbia; the 30th is the date fixed for the marriage of Mr. Rupert Dennys and Miss Dorothea K. Booth, which is to be at Holy Trinity, Brompton.

In the U.S.A.

On May 23, Mr. Donald Kenneth Peters, who is the son of Mr. and Mrs. L. A. Peters of Tadworth, Surrey, is marrying Miss Eleanor Hirsch, the daughter of Mrs. L. Hirsch of Portland, Oregon, U.S.A., and the marriage will take place at Portland.

This Month.

Lieutenant-Commander Edward Raynold Wilson, Royal



MR. AND MRS. GEORGE T. RICE

Mr. Rice is the only son of the late Mr. George T. Rice of Massachusetts, and of Mrs. Robert F. Herrick of Boston. His wife before her marriage, which took place on April 18, was Miss Sheila Maude, and is a daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Anthony Maude, of Belgarde Castle, co. Dublin

Engaged.

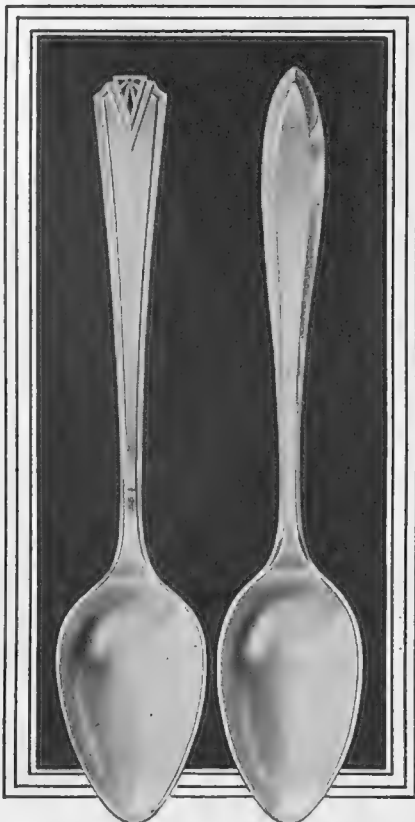
Lieutenant J. R. Roberts-West, Royal Navy, the only son of Lieut.-Colonel and Mrs. C. R. Roberts-West, of Meade Lodge, Crondall, and Miss Sarah Annie Fleming, the eldest daughter of Colonel and Mrs. J. G. Fleming of The White House, Cheam; Mr. C. H. de Peyer, the son of the late Mr. E. C. de Peyer and Mrs. de Peyer of Eastbourne, and Miss Flora Collins, the adopted daughter of Mr. G. Collins and Madame L. Sang-Collins of New York; Mr. Lewis A. Powell, elder son of Mr. and Mrs. Radcliffe L. Powell of Banstead Grange, Banstead, Surrey, and Miss Nancy Evelyn Letts, the only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Norman A. Letts of Posterns Court, Holmwood, Surrey; Captain S. A. Field, Royal Marines, and Miss Peggy Aitken, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. James Aitken, H.M. Dockyard, Chatham.

LIEUT.-COMMANDER AND MRS.
D. W. H. LAST

Who were married last month at Cardross. Lieut.-Commander Denis Walter Harrison Last, Royal Navy (retired) is the son of the late Mr. Walter A. W. Last, I.C.S., and of Mrs. Last of Whitehorn, Petersfield. The bride was formerly Miss Marion Mitchell Allan, the elder daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Claud A. Allan of Kilmahew, Cardross

COMMUNITY PLATE

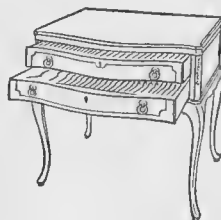
LEADERSHIP IN DESIGN.



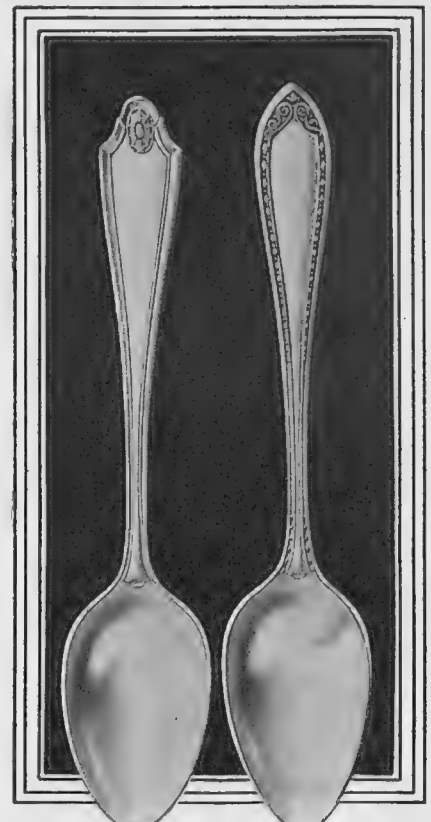
DEAUVILLE PATRICIAN



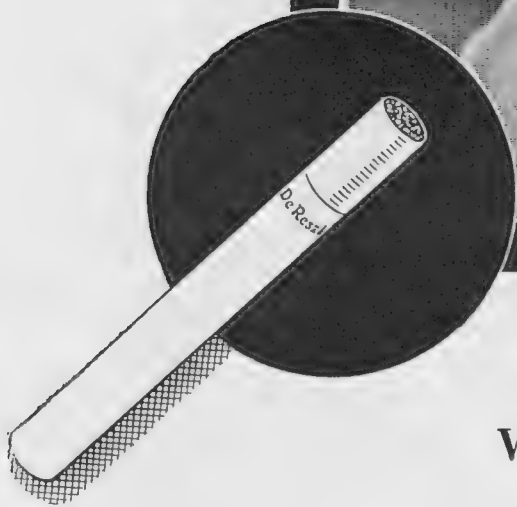
Whether you are making a gift of Silverware, or completing the appointment of your own table, you will find the loveliest designs in Community Plate, with a quality guaranteed for 50 years. A gift set is as little as 3/6; a canteen with complete service, as little as eight guineas. At leading silversmiths.



WRITE FOR FREE BOOKLET
"HINTS FOR THE MODERN HOSTESS"
BRITISH ONEIDA COMMUNITY, Ltd.
WALKLEY LANE, SHEFFIELD



HEPPLEWHITE SHERATON



What a difference an 'Ivory' tip makes to your enjoyment of a cigarette! So smooth, so comfortable, so pure and wholesome! You will find the 'Ivory' tip only on the highest grade of Virginia cigarettes . . . Their name?

DE RESZKE

Virginias 10 for 6d.

— of course!

Turks 20 for 1/-

The Match—Continued from p. 170

After some discussion Mr. Stirling promised to do his best. "You can leave the pearl with me?" he asked.

Ronald shook his head. "Afraid I can't do that. She might get to know, and that'd spoil the surprise, and all that you know. Must be back with the family to-night, or she'd wonder what had happened to it. Her mother often wears it, so she couldn't help noticing. I was told you experts could take its points and tot it up generally so that you'd know exactly what it was like. Pretty good going, that, it seems to me, but you never know. It *can* be done, I suppose?"

"Oh yes," agreed the other, and proceeded to weigh the pearl and measure it, and take down such exact particulars of it that Ronald had smoked several cigarettes by the time the examination was finished.

"You circulate all that among the oysters, I suppose?" he inquired, as Mr. Stirling sat back.

"It goes to all the pearl merchants," said the other seriously. "And you may depend on it that we shall do our best to obtain what you want."

"Good. You could get it and let me see it before you actually bought it, if someone else turned up with one?"

"Certainly. If you will leave me your address, I shall hope to be able to give you good news before long."

Ronald gave it, gratified that he had thought of the point beforehand. "Care of Bernard Wilson, Esq." Old Bernard would do anything for a pal, and be as blank as an oyster itself if anybody came worrying.

"I'm staying there while my house is being done up. Lot of work it gives you, getting married, doesn't it?"

He left in a brisk breeze of goodwill, and rang up Bernard that evening warning him that letters to "G. Ponson, Esq.," which might arrive at his house should be sent on to him.

After a fortnight, during which he tried not to think what might happen if by mischance the actual twin pearl were found and produced by a triumphant Mr. Stirling, a letter came to say that the delay was very much regretted not only by Mr. Stirling but by Mr. Wesson, and (Ronald gathered) by most of the pearl merchants in London. The difficulty was the rather peculiar colouring, but there was still every hope of success within the given time.

"Every hope, I think," said Ronald to himself, and went off to see Nora.

"This is where you start," he observed. "This is where you produce the perfect tit, and do old Henderson in the eye. Oriental Fisheries indeed. Sharks, Ltd., would be nearer it."

Nora chose a fine afternoon, put on her most attractive clothes, and arrived at Henderson's office in a taxi. She was apparently in a great hurry, and rather anxious. Not agitated, she reminded herself as she waited for him to see her; anxious and rather pushed for time.

She broke into explanations the moment she was inside the enemy's room. She so hoped she had come to the right place. She so hoped she wasn't disturbing him. He was Mr. Henderson, wasn't he?

Yes, said Mr. Henderson, he was. And if he could do anything?

Some of the anxiety left Nora's face at the kindness of this offer. She thanked him. "It's about a pearl. Is that right?"

Mr. Henderson signified that it was very right.

"Not to buy, of course," she smiled. "To sell. And I was in such a hurry. I've had some rather bad news, and I have to go to Italy to-night. And I didn't know where to turn. So I made up my mind to sell my pearl, if I could, and I found your name in the telephone book. It was the first I saw." Her smile deepened. "And so I came along as quickly as I could. It *is* all right, is it?"

Ladies who were pressed for money, and were in a hurry for it, and had pearls to sell, were Mr. Henderson's idea of something very much all right, and he again expressed his willingness to do anything he could.

"Here it is," said Nora, extracting the pearl from her bag. "It's rather valuable, I think."

Mr. Henderson's expression did not allow it to be seen that he agreed with her, but he examined the pearl closely. "M'm," he said at last. "M'm. It's a fine pearl. If you'd just allow me to weigh it, and so on, I could suggest a price?"

"Oh, yes," agreed Nora. "Please do," and looked on anxiously while Mr. Henderson did nearly everything that Mr. Stirling had done, and in addition referred from time to time to some notes which he took from his pocket. With a good memory and a good eye for such things, he had had hopes from the moment of first seeing it, and the particulars to which he referred justified him in his pride in those possessions. There was no doubt about it; this was, by some admirable chance, exactly the thing he had been looking for.

"It's worth a hundred and fifty, I should say," he said at last, and was a little annoyed to see the disappointment on Nora's face.

"Only that?" she exclaimed. "Why, I hoped —"

She hoped at some length, and very appealingly, and succeeded in bringing Mr. Henderson up to two hundred pounds. But there he stuck,

(Continued on p. xiv)

ITALY INVITES YOU

The country that has everything to make a perfect holiday. **Lovely Lakes, Enchanting Coastal Resorts, Health-giving Spas, Mountains** (Alps, Dolomites), charming little **old-world hill towns, cities** of world-wide fame—incomparable art treasures, cheerful and hospitable people, blue skies and waters. Fine weather certain.

**CHEAP TICKETS
CHEAP HOTELS
NO RESTRICTIONS
NO STATE TAXES
ALL SPORTS**



Havas

Before Breakfast, Drink Hot Water and Lemon

**Flush Stomach and Intestines of Excess Acid
and Gassy Waste Matter**

The whole country is taking to drinking hot water and lemon juice every morning. It is one of the wisest health practices ever established. It washes out the stomach and intestinal tract and makes us internally clean.

Most of us are only half ourselves, only 50 per cent. efficient, because of a foul condition of the intestines. Due to our sedentary habits and unnatural eating, our intestines become slow and sluggish and fail to move out the waste matter in time.

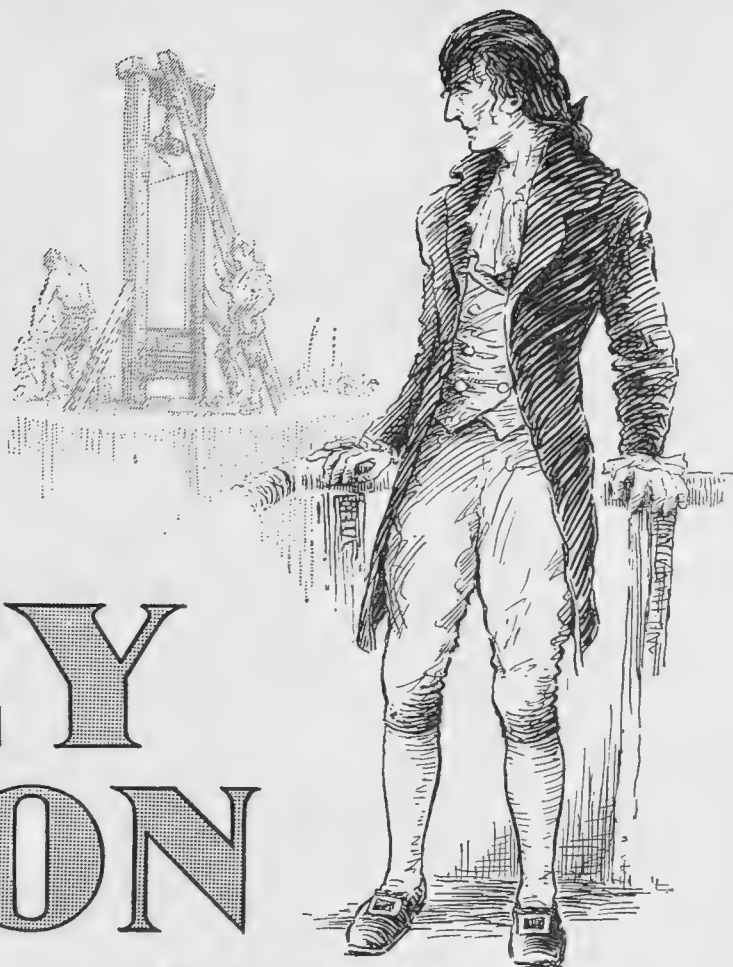
It putrefies within us and sets up toxins or poisons that are absorbed by the system and cause a state of auto-intoxication or self-poisoning. This results in acidity, acid-indigestion, bad breath, coated tongue, sick headaches, irritability, lassitude, and sleeplessness.

Any person who is not feeling

up to par should begin drinking hot water with the juice of half a lemon every morning upon arising. It is well to add to this a tablespoonful of Kutnow's Saline Powder, for this improves the action of both the water and lemon juice. Kutnow's Powder is a famous, natural saline-alkaline aperient that has been used for years to reduce acidity and combat putrefaction in the gastro-intestinal canal. It makes a delightful effervescent drink that anyone will relish.

Get about four ounces from your chemist and take it regularly every morning for a week. See what a difference in your physical condition, even in so short a time. Mark the better appetite you have and the improved digestion. Note the new strength and energy you feel. It's really marvellous the difference when one is internally clean. Just ask your chemist for Kutnow's Powder. Four ounces is enough to make a conclusive test.

IF SIDNEY CARTON



were alive to-day
he could, on trying
"King George IV",
truthfully say —
"It is a far, far
better thing I do,
than I have ever
done before."



The Match—Continued from p. xii

and stuck so firmly that Nora held out her hand with a look that suggested that nearly her last hope on earth had disappeared.

"I'm so sorry," she murmured. "I'm afraid it's no good. I must try somewhere else."

"That'll be no good," Mr. Henderson assured her. "There's a market price for these things. ('There is,' thought Nora, 'and that's two hundred and twenty.') I can give you cash down if you care to take it. I'm only so sorry I can't offer more."

But Nora continued to look forlorn, and made her way to the door with the beginnings of genuine uneasiness in her heart. She hesitated artistically with her hand on the door knob, and then sighed as she opened the door. Surely the man couldn't be serious?

At that moment the telephone bell rang. It was an old trick, and required nothing more than a bell push underneath the table, but Henderson had found it useful more than once. With a detaining gesture to Nora he took up the receiver, and plunged into a conversation so full of technicalities that she understood nothing of it. But she waited, and observed a very effective look of surprise spread over the other's face. When the technicalities were finished he said in a dazed voice to the transmitter, "It's extraordinary—extraordinary. I believe I know of exactly the thing. What did you say that last measurement was?"

He seemed altogether flabbergasted by the answer, and hung up the receiver with an expression which suggested that it was only to such as he that these miracles happened.

"This," he said warmly, "puts a very different face on things," and explained the rare good fortune of a fellow dealer ringing up and inquiring about a pearl singularly like the one he had just been handling.

"And this matching business sends up the price. I think I may be able to advance my offer considerably. Let me see now."

As they entered into a form of bargaining in which Nora's method was to say "No, I'm afraid not," until the offer reached the figure she had in mind, there rang in Mr. Henderson's head the words which his friend Stirling had repeated to him at lunch a few days before.

"Carte blanche, old man. Carte blanche," he had said impressively, with comments on the kind of sentimental young idiot his visitor had been. "There's room for both of us on that, if we can only find the thing."

It was when Mr. Henderson, hardly believing his ears, heard himself offer five hundred and fifty pounds that he saw the first signs of weakening on Nora's face. At that figure, then, he stuck for some time, and

only crept up to six hundred pounds by repeating the magical phrase to himself over and over again.

At that Nora said, "Cash, of course?" and he felt his muscles relax.

"Oh yes, cash," he said almost gaily, "though it's a pretty stiff price. You won't mind if I just see that my friend agrees?"

Whether she minded or not, Mr. Henderson put through a genuine call, and gathered that from the general impression Mr. Stirling had had of the proposed buyer, he would hardly know the difference between seven hundred pounds or seven thousand pounds. There had been a letter from him only that morning, urging the dealer to do everything in his power to find the right pearl. "So I should think you're pretty safe," concluded Mr. Stirling, and made it quite clear that any risk there was must lie with Henderson. But he didn't think that there was any. He was sure there wasn't in fact. And Henderson, hanging up the receiver, was inclined to agree with him.

"That was good of you to say seven hundred," observed Nora sweetly as he did so. "I shall value that extra hundred."

"Seven?" inquired the other shortly. "Oh. Did I mention seven hundred?"

"Yes, and I was so glad to hear it."

"Matter of business, that. Between him and me. Six hundred was your price, you know."

He found it difficult to believe when Nora said. "Yes, but it's seven now, as you so kindly said so to your friend," and seemed unable to understand the principles of business altogether. "Carte blanche, carte blanche," rang in his mind, and perhaps he could get a little more out of Stirling. He certainly could, as he held the pearl.

Warmed by this thought, he accompanied her to his bank to draw the notes—she preferred the money like that she said—and then went round to show the pearl to Stirling. They agreed that the likeness to the description was remarkable, and they agreed—after a time—on the price which was to be paid to Henderson when the other had got his money from Mr. Ponson.

But they did not agree on anything else for some time after that. For, since neither Mr. Ponson nor his money were forthcoming, and Mr. Wilson disclaimed all knowledge of him, Mr. Stirling made it clear that he had no use for the other's pearls, however striking a match it might be.

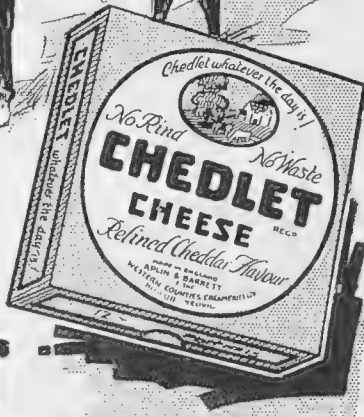
As Ronald remarked, when he and Nora had discussed the wedding as a now practicable notion, two hundred and twenty pounds for Mrs. Ellis, subtracted from seven hundred, left precisely four hundred and eighty. And no man could ask for a better tit than that.

NICKNAMES, BADGES & TRADITIONS OF THE BRITISH ARMY

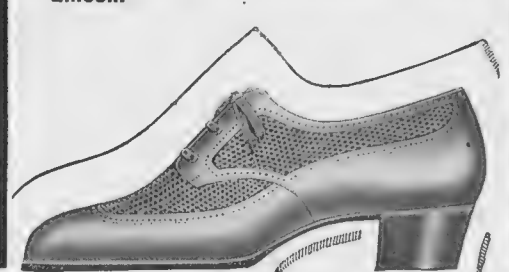
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Petrol Vapour

(Continued from p. 172)

but there could be no possible doubt upon this point. Clearly sound can create a very powerful illusion. I would not go so far as to suggest that a badly-sprung car that was "all one piece" could pass muster as a well-sprung one, but it is evident to me that the reverse can happen. Those who sell their old cars to private purchasers (if, indeed, there be any of the former these days) might take the tip, and before giving the fateful demonstration, let the local coachbuilder give the body a "once over." It should be a paying proposition. And another thing I can mention that will surprise you is how you miss the noises to which you have become accustomed. Probably they have grown so imperceptibly that you haven't really noticed them—until they have been cured, and then you exclaim, "Why, something's gone!"

* * *

'Ceedingly Lively.

Few things are more pleasant than the country roads in Spring in a delightfully deserted evening condition, and a genuinely lusty car that is never so happy as when it is cutting out large handfuls of the knots. The machine in question was the super-charged 4½-litre Bentley, which I take to be one of the most remarkable vehicles ever produced in this or any other country. I had expected it to be rather too strenuous for the likes of me (and it certainly has far more speed than my appetite



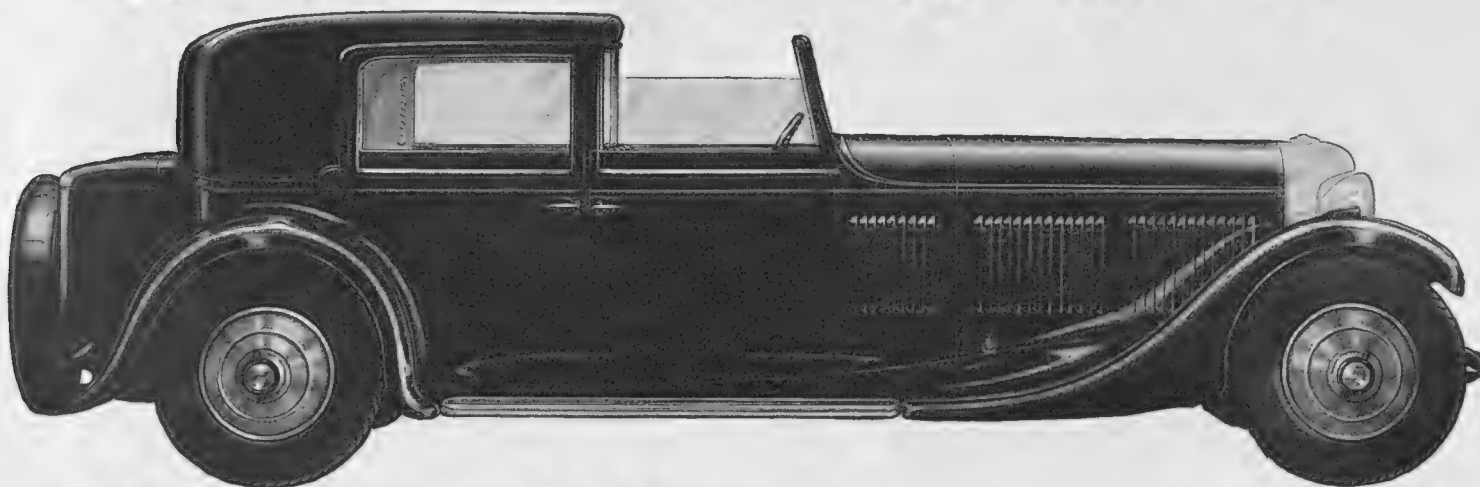
AT THE HAMBLEDON POINT-TO-POINT

Mr. Cliff, who was competing at these 'chases, held at Liss; Mr. Morant and Lady Katharine Manley, who was also a "jockey," and is a sister of Lord Northesk

hot-stuff, super-charged four that under way.

normally requires), but to my joy it turned out to be quite otherwise. Being of a very special character it is naturally sensitive and high-spirited, but I found it of exemplary docility in traffic and really quite astonishingly easy to handle. You would not know you had a super-charger (for this is quite silent) in front of you, until, treading gently, you treat the accelerator pedal rather as though it were the lever of one of the treacherous siphons that blow all the whisky out of the glass. Then things begin to happen with great velocity, irrespective of whether you're a punkate-punking along on top (which is easy) at under 10 m.p.h., or cruising modestly at a good 75, which is equally easy. I satisfied myself with a few delicious seconds of honest "100" over a stretch of straight, but there was clearly quite a lot more to come if needed. In a car of this advanced nature you have a right to ask for impeccable steering, braking, and road holding, and you get them all in a very high degree. I had some miles of squishy, slidey surfaces to negotiate, but this happy car, in sharp contradistinction to the dog, steadfastly refused to wag its tail. A thing of great joyousness, my masters, whose owners I envy, for they must extract such a lot of fun from it. What a goer! What a flow of liquid, juicy power! It is something to be able to make a really runs like a six when once

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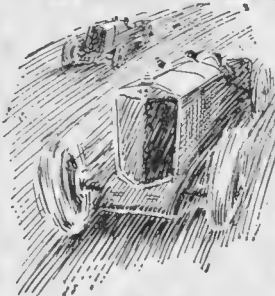


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'PHONE MAYFAIR 2904.

CAR CAMEOS

The Hillman Vortic Saloon

From time to time I have had a fair number of opportunities for trying out the Straight-Eight Hillman in one or other of its various models, and in every instance it has earned a high place in my estimation, supported by the fact that its smaller stable-companion, the Fourteen, has given Mrs. P. V. over two years of unexceptionable service.

But the latest Straight-Eight, in the form of the Vortic saloon (which means that it has vacuum-servo brakes, wire wheels, silent third gear-box, and unsplinterable glass all round), takes a higher place than ever. This car affords perhaps the finest proof of the value of amalgamation between firms of common interest, for I do not know how otherwise such a car could be built in this country at anything like the price, for it is a real luxury vehicle, with all the characteristics usually found in those of a much higher figure.

Since the Vortic is built for a world-wide market, and has to enter countries where left-hand steering is *de rigueur* (with which it can be fitted when required), it follows that the gear-box has to be centrally controlled. But this thing is arranged so well that my mild disapproval of it is no longer tenable. The knob is placed in the absolutely correct position, and especially between top and third, and vice versa, the movement is so light that it can be done with a flick of the finger. It must be a very exceptional gradient that calls for anything below that very unobtrusive and well-chosen third ratio.

In point of performance the Vortic leaves nothing to be desired, for the engine whilst nice and quiet, even when fully accelerated, is lusty and responsive. You get your mile a minute very quickly. At this speed the car is very comfortable, holds the road excellently, and if you are in a hurry, is quite ready to give you

another ten miles an hour. The get-away, right through the scale, is proportionately vigorous, though without affording any suggestion of effort under the bonnet. In external and internal finish the Vortic saloon is quite beyond reproach.

Another thing that I immensely like about it is its consummate ease of control. And accordingly in my peregrinations I am not at all surprised to see so many Hillman Eights over the wheels of which women are presiding. Mrs. P. V., after driving a whole afternoon through rather tricky terrain, said that in her opinion it was quite one of the very nicest cars, if not the nicest, she had ever handled. On this sort of point her judgment is more than usually sound, since, for physical reasons, she is quite unable to manage "heavy" pedals without quickly fatiguing.

The brakes are, of course, beyond reproach in respect of lightness to the touch and firmness in action. An "eight" motor, owing to its small fly-wheel, slows down very quickly when the throttle is closed, and thus you get an instant and powerful vacuum in the inlet pipe. In these circumstances the Dewandre servo is at its best.

Since on a large fraction of a pretty long journey I sat at the back of this very well-appointed saloon, I am able to testify as well to the comfort of the back seats as to those in front. There is plenty of leg-room, the seats are pitched at the right angle, and since you have not only a ventilator in the roof but movable quarter lights, you can adjust the admission of air to a nicety.

Frankly, even without regard to the amazingly low price of this car, I found it extremely hard to find any fault with it. In fact my only objection was to a very trivial point, namely, that when idling, the motor did not fire with perfect evenness, but it is quite probable that that small trouble—a very common one with long engines and by no means unknown in "sixes"—could be eliminated by some slight adjustment. I myself cured it by giving a wee bit more throttle opening. W. G. A.



A HILLMAN VORTIC SALOON

Our picture shows a landslide on the road between Algiers and Tenes. The Hillman had just got through safely when the rocks crashed down on to the roadway—a not infrequent occurrence at this particular spot



I HAVE NEVER HANDLED A BETTER CAR

The Willys Palatine Saloon combines satisfying power and luxurious accommodation for five at £225—a price never before associated with a car of such

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quality, roominess and refinement. Equipment includes soft leather upholstery, steel or wire wheels to choice, self-energising internal expanding 4-wheel brakes, hydraulic shock absorbers, Triplex windscreen, bumper bars, luggage carrier. Willys Overland Crossley, Ltd., Heaton Chapel, Stockport, & 151/3, Gt. Portland Street, W.1.

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Among the claims and counter-claims, so prominent to-day concerning car values, one significant fact bearing on this stands out: *Austin owners keep their cars longer.* Why is this?

Any Austin owner will tell you that his car will perform day in, day out, with the minimum of attention, over enormous mileage. He will tell you that he gets new-car performance, not for a season, but for many years. That, as a result of this outstanding dependability, his maintenance and running costs are extraordinarily low. For these reasons, naturally, he is reluctant to

part with a car so efficient, so trustworthy, so downright dependable. The latest model seven-passenger Ranelagh Limousine with its new improved lines, is more impressive, more lavishly fitted than ever . . . still finer in performance.

In choosing your new car, first see this model and arrange a demonstration. You will then agree that no car, no form of travel, could be more satisfying . . . that this is a car which you would be proud to own; which you would keep longer . . . *which would—and does—cost you less!* Call round at your nearest Austin dealer's showrooms.

The Twenty Ranelagh Limousine (as illustrated)

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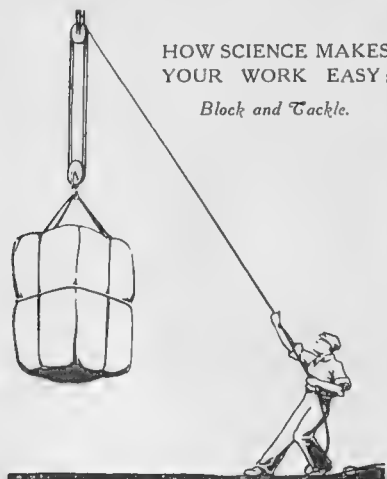
Upholstered in Vaumol luxour grain hide or fine carriage cloth. Folding auxiliary seats. Centre folding and side arm-rests. Fullest equipment including Triplex glass, chromium finish, wire wheels and spare, Dunlop tyres. Price at works £575. Marlborough Landaulet £525. Mayfair or Whitehall Saloon on short wheelbase £530. Sunshine Roof £10

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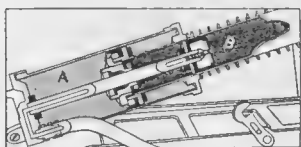
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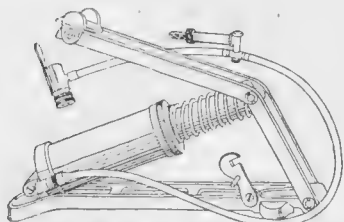
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Motor Notes and News

An interesting example of the economy of present-day foreign travel for the motorist was recently furnished by one of the new S.V. Morris Minors, a saloon model of the £100 car, which made its way to Venice. Although three clear days were lost owing to certain roads on the chosen route being impassable as the result of heavy falls of snow, and two days were spent exploring the city of canals, it is interesting to note that the out-and-home trip was made in fourteen days. The route taken outward was via Havre, Paris, Auxerre, Chalon, and Geneva, thence along the shores of the lake to Sierre, where all the higher roads



LADY CURRIE

Making use of her Rolls-Royce car as a grand-stand for herself and friends at the Old Berkeley Point-to-Point Races at Kimble. Lady Currie, who is seen seated, provided a winning favourite in "Count Bunker"

being blocked by heavy drifts of snow, train was taken for some thirty-five miles through the Simplon Tunnel, after which an uneventful journey was made via Milan and Verona to Venice. The return journey was made via Mantua, Cremona, and Turin, over the Ligurian Alps to the Mediterranean and by the sun-bathed roads of the Riviera, through Monte Carlo, Nice, Cannes, and so by way of Avignon, Lyons, on the famous No. 7 to Boulogne and Folkestone.

The cost of petrol and oil for the entire trip of some 2,500 miles was £4 15s., while the charge for transporting a small car across the Channel has recently been reduced to £1 17s. 6d. Later on in the year,



ON THE CORNICHE D'OR

One of the new Morris S.V. Minor coach-built saloons approaching Agay on the sun-bathed road which runs the length of the Riviera 'twixt San Remo and Fréjus. It is interesting to note that on a fortnight's vacation its owner made a trip from Oxford to Venice and back

of course, the trip through the Simplon Tunnel would not be necessary. We may reckon, therefore, that two people can explore three foreign countries, pass through some of the finest mountain and lakeland scenery of Europe, and visit some of its fairest cities for a total cost of £8 10s. so far as the car is concerned. When we consider that the S.V. Minor, as a two-seater, costs but a modest £100, we cannot fail to realize how cheap foreign travel has become, and the enormous possibilities the possession of such a car opens up to its owner.

It will no doubt interest our readers who own, or contemplate purchasing, a Packard car, to know that Commodore Gar Wood's *Miss America IX* was fitted with two Packard engines, each developing 1,100 h.p. After he broke the world's speed-boat record recently by averaging 102.155 m.p.h. he said that he would not be satisfied until he had set the record at 120 m.p.h., a speed which he thinks his boat can attain.

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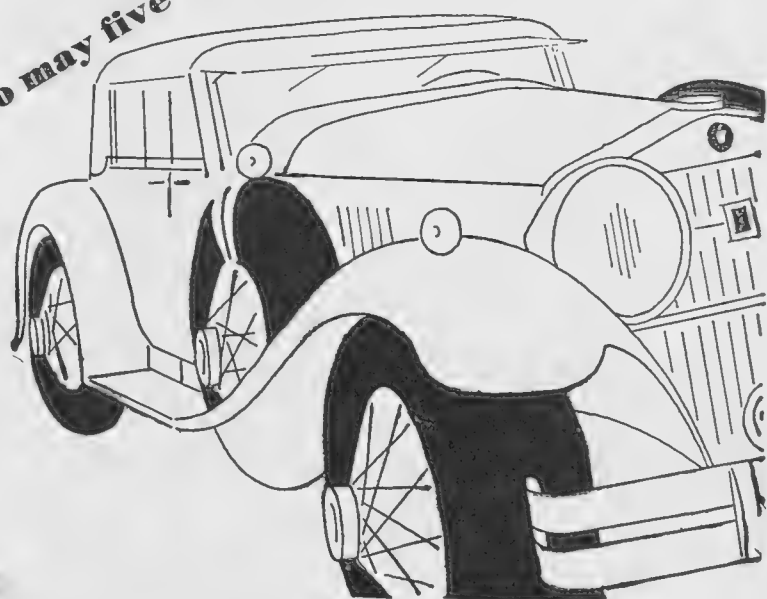
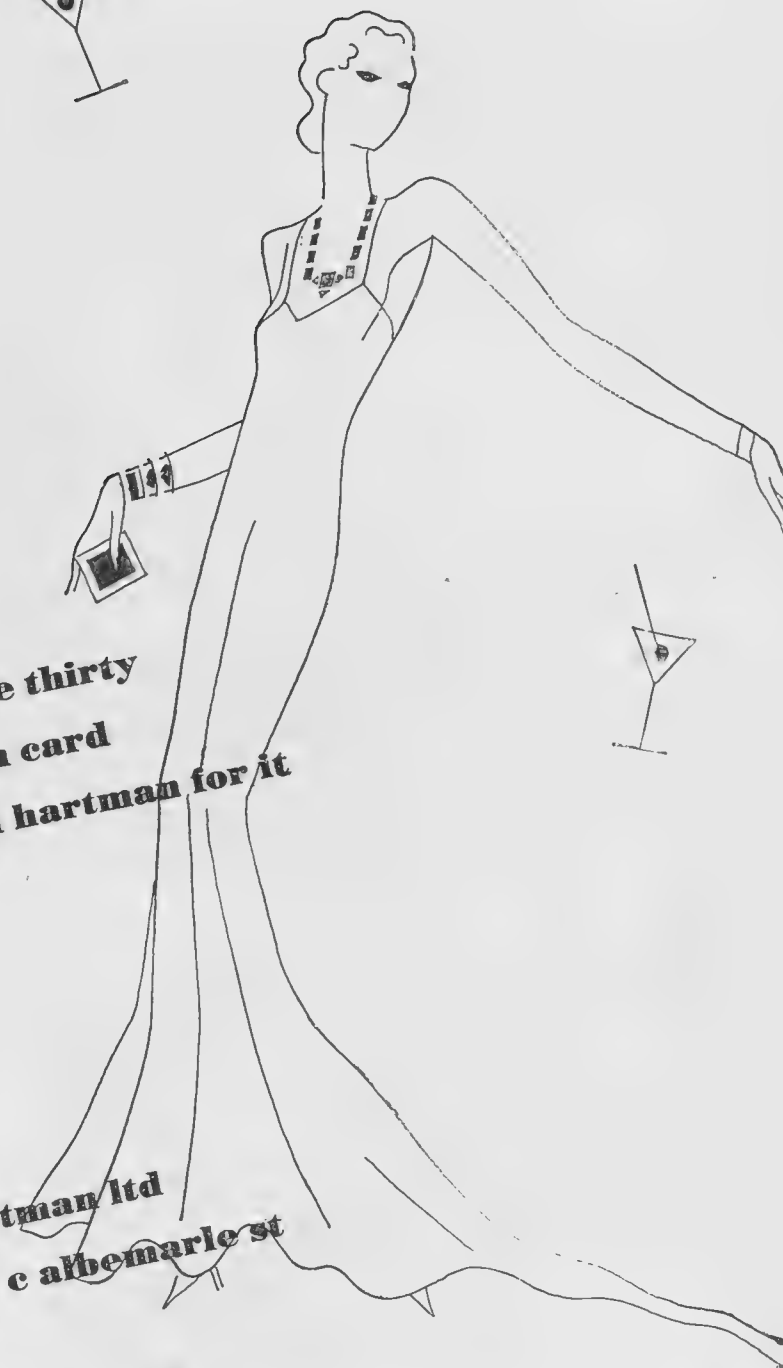
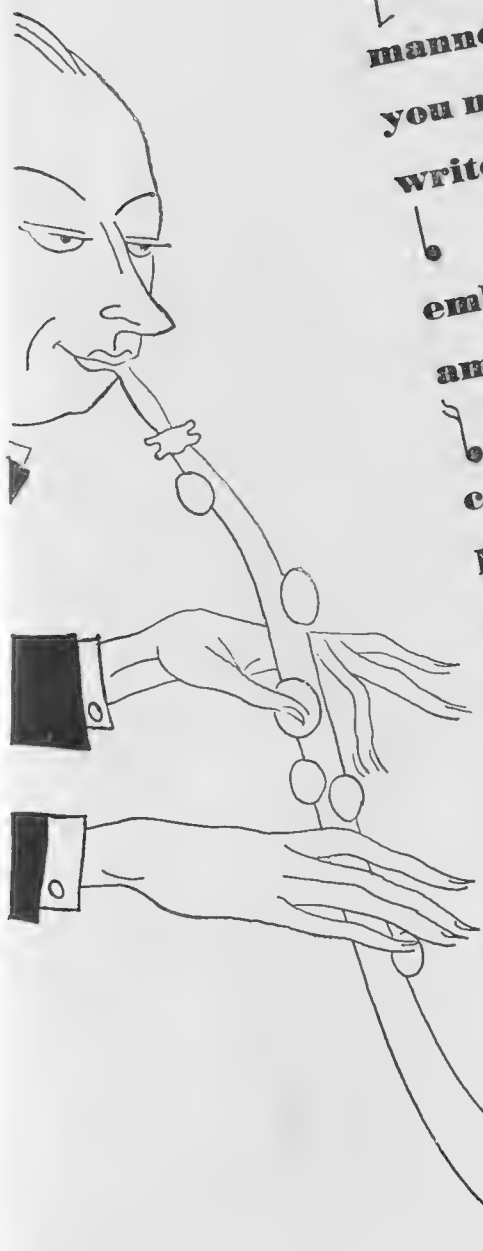
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MAKING A YACHT RUN

An Invention of Importance to Ocean-Cruising Men

By MAURICE GRIFFITHS

(Editor of "The Yachting Monthly")

AN invention which is of vital interest to sea-going yachtsmen, and by which a yacht may be made to run indefinitely before the wind with no one at the tiller, has been introduced by an Irish yachtsman, Captain Otway Waller.

Although most cruiser-type yachts will keep to their course with tillers lashed, and will sail unattended when "close-hauled," or with the wind on the beam, it has hitherto been considered almost impossible to make a yacht run before the wind without someone at the tiller.

* * *

When a yacht is running or "scudding," before wind and sea forces are set up—such as the varying wind pressure in the sails and the tendency of the overtaking seas to throw the hull round—which cause the vessel to yaw and to "steer wildly." This tendency to broach-to needs constant checking one way or the other by the tiller. Hence the virtual impossibility of "letting her look after herself" before a following wind.



THE "IMOGEN" AT BANAGHER WITH "RUNNING SAILS" SET

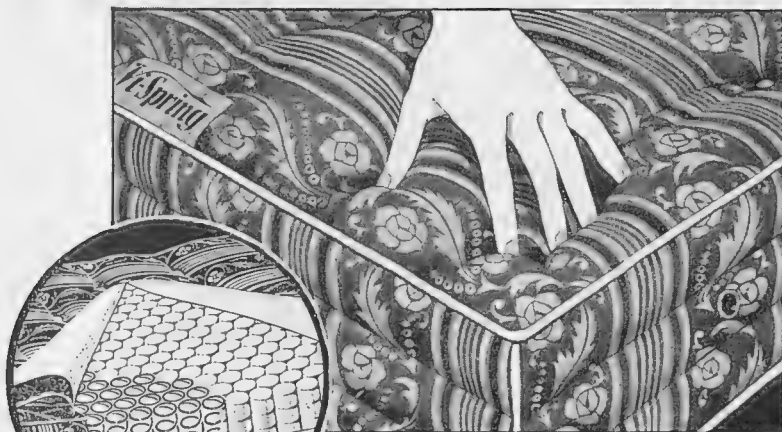
Captain Waller has given his device a sound try-out and proved its practicability during a passage which he made alone in a little 6-ton yawl, *Imogen*, from his home in Ireland to Las Palmas, a distance of some 1,600 miles.

The device consists, briefly, of two triangular sails set like small spinnakers on booms, one each side of the mast, the sheets being led aft and looped over the tiller. Light guy ropes leading forward from the ends of the booms to the bowsprit, two topping lifts, Wykeham-Martin roller gear to roll up the sails, and the necessary blocks complete the outfit, which works on such an obvious principle that one wants to ask, "Why didn't we think of this before?"

* * *

The photograph shows the *Imogen* with these two "running sails" set a few days before she set off on her long cruise. The principle is explained in the diagram. In Fig. 1; A1, A2 are the two running sails and booms, BB the forward guys, CC the

(Continued on p. xxiv)



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Every square inch of the "Vi-Spring" Overlay Mattress is full of this sleep-enticing softness. The hundreds of small resilient springs yield to the body and allow that perfect relaxation which ensures healthy, restful sleep. When purchasing look for the registered name "Vi-Spring."

Vi-Spring Mattress

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Not quite as old
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The strapping is smart, the ruched collar distinctive . . . a Gazelda coat of faultless cut for informal wear. Gazelda . . . the only genuine super-suede; rich-textured, velvet-soft, in forty-five exquisite Gazelda colours—neither wear nor weather can mar its beautiful finish. Essentially practical; snug against the wind, yet cool, light, comfortable . . . Look for the Gazelda label: that is your guarantee.

Coat: Five Guineas.



The ensemble is by
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Coat
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The ensemble is
by Gazelda:—

Coat
Skirt
Hat
Handbag
Gloves

Gazelda

Regd. Trade Mark.

MAKING A YACHT RUN

(Continued from p. xxii)

sheets, DD blocks on the yacht's quarter leading the two sheets to the tiller, over which they are looped at E.

If the wind is true astern the tiller and sails would be in the position shown and the yacht keep a straight course. But an overtaking sea will soon cause her to take a sudden sheer to one side or the other, and threaten to broach-to or swing round broadside on to wind and sea.

Suppose she takes a sheer to port (that is, to the left) thereby bringing the wind on to her port quarter, as indicated in Fig. 2. The wind begins to spill off the edge of the sail (A2) on the lee side, but to press harder on the port sail (A1). The wind pressure is now greater in the port sail and this presses it forward, taking the sheet C with it, which, looped round the tiller, pulls the latter hard to port and so brings the yacht back on to her original course. (The amount the boom is pressed forward is exaggerated in the diagram, as it is only a few inches in reality.)

The same thing happens if the yacht takes a sheer to starboard, so that in this way the vessel runs unattended before the wind, yawing slightly first one way and then the other, but never going far enough to risk broaching-to. When the wind is anywhere but astern, of course, these "running sails" are rolled up alongside the mast and the yacht's ordinary sails set.

Captain Waller found his device a wonderful boon on his lone voyage, for by means of it the little *Imogen*—only 26 ft. overall, 8 ft. beam, and 3½ ft. draught, yawl rigged—ran 105, 107, and 106 miles, on three consecutive days without the tiller being touched!

The voyage that Captain Waller made, with no one to accompany him, is almost an epic of the sea, while it goes to prove—as did that wonderful voyage of the *Trevesa's* lifeboats—how much hammering a

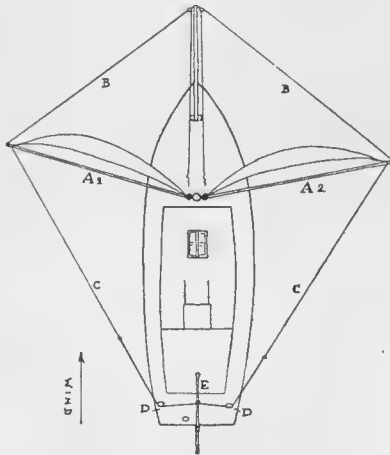


FIG. 1

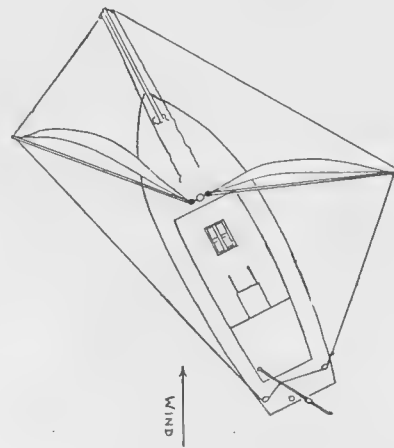


FIG. 2

small, well built boat will stand at sea. Leaving Banagher, in the centre of Ireland, on June 12 last, Captain Waller took his little vessel down the Shannon, some 120 miles, to take his departure from Loop Head, the last land he was to sight for nearly three weeks. Before he left his native country he was visited by another Irishman whose ocean cruises, in a 20-ton yacht, the *Saoirse*, have been the subject of two fascinating books. This was Conor O'Brien, whose strangely named craft—it is pronounced "Seer-she," and is old Irish for Freedom—is the smallest sailing vessel to have rounded Cape Horn. Both these sea-going rovers have original

ideas on "the rig to take to sea." Waller was about to try out his newly conceived running device, while O'Brien was still experimenting with square sails on the "stays'-l-brigantine" rigged *Saoirse*. They must have exchanged some interesting ideas.

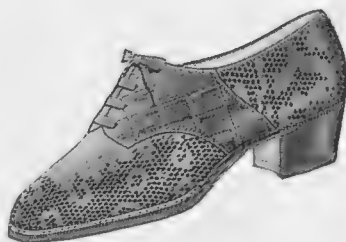
Imogen hit bad weather almost the first day out, and with the exception of only one day she had nineteen days of heavy head winds all the way to Vigo, in Spain. For several days she lay like a gull on the water, hove-to in weather too bad for sailing. The gale reached 60 miles an hour at times, and one or two steamers which passed her appeared to be making bad weather of it.

Captain Waller was forced to put into Vigo to repair some gear which had carried away. After a short stay he encountered the N.E. Trades and was able to give his running sails their first real test. For seven days the little vessel ran with them to Madeira, proving the efficacy of this ingenious invention, the tiller being unattended most of the time. Unfortunately Captain Waller fell ill with Canary fever, and, after sailing in a day to Las Palmas, was obliged to abandon his proposed cruise farther south.

An intensely interesting record truly of a one-man cruise, which, but for this excellent method, would have been far more arduous than was actually the case, though arduous it was undoubtedly. Yachting at the moment is not a matter of leading interest in the British Isles, but the invention is so universally interesting that no excuse is necessary for discoursing upon it.

HARVEY NICHOLS Special Shoe Week

is now in progress—
and affords an excep-
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need in the way of foot-
wear at very
Special Prices.



AN EXCELLENT SPORTS SHOE of lizard, with instep-saddle of crocodile. The sole is of crêpe rubber, and is suitable both for golf and walking.

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NEW MODEL TIE SHOE in brown calf, trimmed with crocodile. A beautifully-fitting style, with crêpe rubber sole and rubber top-piece to heel.

Special Price **39/6**

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27/9 29/3 30/9 32/3 33/9 35/3

N.O. D.446 is the same style in West of England covert tweed, in light grey and light brown herringbone designs. Lined artificial silk. For boys 3 to 8 years. Price (for size 000) **39/-**

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40/6 42/- 43/6 45/- 46/6



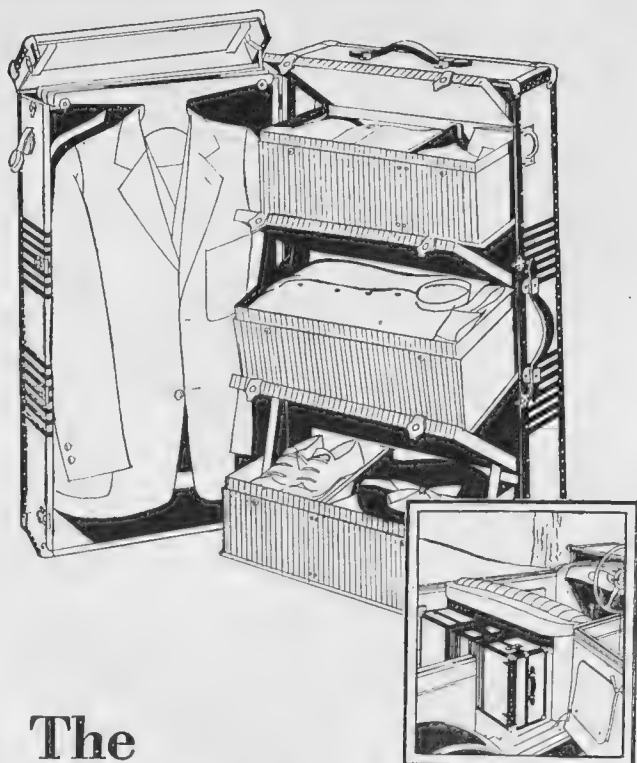
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Oshkosh Taxi Wardrobes are smart and durable, as well as convenient. They weigh only about 35 pounds. There are models to meet every purpose, and three sizes to choose from. Interesting booklet sent on request. Models from £6. 10. 0 to £19. 15. 0

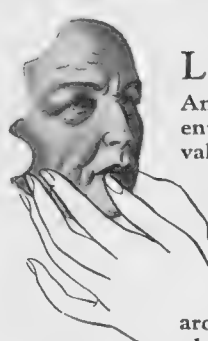
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Ladies' Kennel Association Notes

These notes will appear on the day that the entries close for our Open Show. It is hoped that no one interested will miss this date and that all members will support their Open Show, and not only members but all exhibitors. Olympia is an ideal place for a show, light, airy, warm, and easily accessible. Dogs entered in the obedience and children's classes, by kind permission of the Kennel Club, need only attend on the second day of the show. It is our proud boast that our Open Show is one of the biggest and best shows in the kingdom, and no one who has a kennel can afford not to be represented at it. The second week in May is a particularly good time for visitors from abroad to attend. So, all things considered, everyone with an eye to their kennel's advantage should make a point of showing.

There is only one breed of dog which wears a halo and he is one of the most celebrated. We have all listened in childhood with breathless interest to the stories of lives saved by the St. Bernard. The writer has special interest in St. Bernards, as the first show she ever attended was a show entirely of St. Bernards held in the old Duke of Wellington's Riding School. The memory remains of the mighty Plinlimmon receiving homage on his bench. In those far off days St. Bernards were a power in the land, but in common with any other breeds they were pushed aside for newer fancies and also were victims to the craze for head properties alone, ignoring others equally, or more, vital. Now a more sensible view is taken, and it is realized that head is not all. One of the people who have done most to help the St. Bernard is Mrs. Staines, who sends a photograph of her magnificent team.



ST. BERNARDS
The property of Mrs. Staines

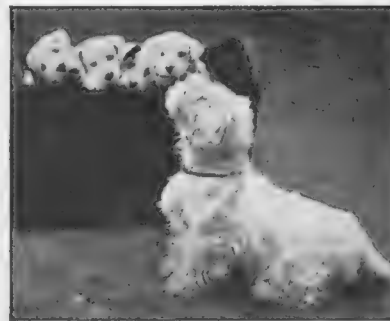
Their "fronts" would do credit to a foxhound. It is very fortunate for the St. Bernard that he should be in such hands. Mrs. Staines' dogs are well known to us all at shows, when these majestic dogs always cause great interest.

The Sealyham terrier, though a comparatively newcomer to the bench, "came, saw, and conquered." He is just what is wanted as a companion, small and handy. Mrs. Tollemache has reluctantly to give up her kennel, so sends a photograph of a family who are all for sale, including the mother. Mrs. Tollemache is particularly anxious to get a nice home for her as she is very attractive, house-trained, and small. The puppies will be small too, but are most promising. All, of course, are well bred.

Mrs. Demaine sends some most interesting notes on her kennels. She has maintained her strain of pugs on the male side in direct line for thirty years, and has just registered puppies of the tenth generation. She has also won the coveted "stud dog" prize at the Club Show for the last eight years. The photograph given is of the Dark Dragoon, winner of many champion certificates and ancestor of most of the leading pugs to-day. He is a splendidly massive dog—most desirable in these dogs, as there is a tendency to breed small "pretty" pugs, thereby departing from true pug type.

Mrs. Demaine attended the L.K.A. Show in Dublin with Dark Drummer, who took the special for the best pug in the show, which he also did in 1929 and 1930.

All letters to be addressed to Miss BRUCE, Nuthooks, Cadnam, Southampton.



SEALYHAM TERRIERS
The property of Mrs. Tollemache



CH. DARK DRAGOON
The property of Mrs. Demaine




Michael and Rosemary are going to a wedding. So they've been to the Jaeger Children's Floor where there's a chute and a roundabout, and, incidentally the nicest clothes in London. To-day they're frankly picturesque and partified: Michael in a smocked silk shirt and Kate Greenaway shorts and Rosemary in the most enchanting little pink crêpe de Chine frock and bonnet to match.

Silk shirt and shorts in Green, Pink and Blue—Prices from 49/6. Crêpe de Chine frock with bonnet in Pink, Blue, Lemon and White—Price for set 2 Gns.

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FROCK in White Tricoline...32/6

In White or Coloured
Washing Silk... 3½ gns.
Sizes SW, W, LW

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THE NEW WAISTCOAT WOOLLIE as shown
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now playing at The Royalty Theatre in
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Also take PHOSFERINE HEALTH SALT—the Spring Tonic Laxative. It tones as it cleanses! Price 1/6—double quantity 2/6.

Aldwych



MLLE. NINA TARASOVA

The Russian Yvette Guilbert, who was at the Alhambra for a short season last week, is one of the most talented artistes on the variety stage. She managed to escape from the Bolshevik Revolution and married an American. Nina Tarasova kindly appeared at the Great Eight Staff Ball and Cabaret which was held at the Imperial Hotel last Friday

by bee-keeping, knitting, etc. But this winter the cold and damp have killed her bees, and though better in health she will not be fit for a post for some time. She is very lonely and has no relations to help her, and her savings are now expended. We want to give her 10s. a week for six months to tide her over till she can work again.

NOTES FROM HERE AND THERE

The Friends of the Poor, 42, Ebury Street, S.W.1, ask your help for a very sensible woman, a lady in every sense of the word, well recommended to us, who has come to grief through ill-health, and badly needs a little assistance till she can earn again. She has always held good posts and was at one time the matron of a well-known university where she did the catering for 400 persons. Never very strong she was told by the doctors last year that she should not take a resident post for some time. She has been living in a tiny cottage in the country and has managed to carry on

It was fitting that the Ideal Home Exhibition should be declared open in such an ideal garden as that designed and constructed by W. H. Gaze and Sons of Kingston. The Lord Mayor and Lady Mayoress of London, Sir Phené and Lady Neal, stood in a beautiful forecourt, overlooking an ornamental lake. The garden was surrounded by flower borders and hedges of box and clipped yew, forming a dignified setting which was perfect for the ceremony.

The annual medical tour to spas and other health resorts in Italy in which each year a larger number of British doctors take part will be held from September 18 to October 2. It is organized by the Italian State Tourist Department (E.N.I.T.) and will be accompanied as hitherto by an English-speaking Italian medical doctor. The journey in Italy is performed by special train composed of 1st class carriages; accommodation is provided at first class hotels, and a special staff takes charge of the baggage. A programme of receptions, local sightseeing, entertainments, etc., in each place has been arranged.

Among the places to be visited are Rome, Acqui Abule, Fiuggi, Agnano, Naples, Capri, Ischia, Sorrento, Amalfi, Ravello, Taormina, Acireale, Palermo, etc. Full information is obtainable from Major W. Stormont, delegate for Great Britain of the Italian State Tourist Department, 16, Waterloo Place, Regent Street, S.W.1.



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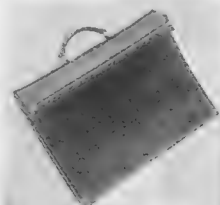
LOOK FOR THE
REGISTERED
TAB.



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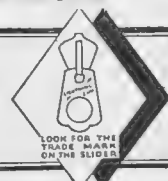
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To-day THE TATLER is able to announce the most amazing offer which any newspaper has ever made to its readers. Briefly, we are giving you the chance of LEARNING TO FLY at our expense.

Flying, of course, is already well established as a means of transport, and we believe that in a comparatively short time many of our readers will be private aircraft owners. There are, however, still a certain number of people who have not yet realized fully the tremendous advances which aviation has made in the last few years, and who have not experienced the fascinating simplicity of flying an aeroplane. It is for the benefit of these people that we have arranged with over twenty aerodromes in various parts of the country to give a large number of trial flying lessons to our readers. These first lessons are charged to THE TATLER and no cost falls upon our readers, except that of transporting themselves to the nearest aerodrome; but what makes the scheme so especially attractive is that every single reader who has one of these trial lessons has the **chance of being selected as the most promising pupil at that particular aerodrome, and thus of qualifying for a complete course of instruction at our expense.**

Obviously there must be some limit to the number of lessons which we can give, and applications therefore will be dealt with in order of receipt up to the limit. There are, however, a sufficient number at each aerodrome to make it reasonably possible for any reader who applies at once to obtain one.

All you have to do is to turn to the application form printed inside the back cover of this issue, and having completed it to go to the nearest aerodrome, shown on this page, and there ask for the trial lesson. When you have had this you are automatically entered for the chance of the full course of instruction. This will be arranged in the following way:

In the first place, the six most promising TATLER readers at each aerodrome will be selected, and will be asked to take a single hour's instruction at their own expense at the usual rates. The final winner will then be chosen from these six. Selection will be in the hands of the club (or school), whose decision will be final. If you have never flown you do not know how thrilling and interesting it is. Don't hesitate; you may have the makings of a good pilot, and may easily turn out to be the winner at your aerodrome.

It has been arranged with the Cierva Autogiro Co., Limited, and the authorities at Heston and Hanworth that readers of THE TATLER who so desire may take their trial lesson at these two aerodromes on an Autogiro machine, subject to the general conditions of the scheme.

SPECIAL OFFER.

Messrs. Selfridges offer to give a year's free third-party insurance to any of the six pupils originally selected at each aerodrome who may purchase an aeroplane through their Aviation Department before the end of 1931. This applies both to new and second-hand aircraft.

Fill up the form now, get out the car, and go down to the aerodrome right away.

SPECIAL NOTE: Forms are not to be sent to THE TATLER office, but must be presented at one of the aerodromes on the list.

The winners will be announced in THE TATLER as soon as possible after the closing date, May 20.

WHERE YOU CAN FLY UNDER "THE TATLER" SCHEME

The following clubs and schools have agreed to co-operate in THE TATLER Scheme, and a certain number of trial lessons are available for our readers at each of them on presentation of the Application Form, which will be found printed inside the back cover of this issue:

- AIRWORK SCHOOL OF FLYING,
Heston Air Park, Hounslow
- BERKS, BUCKS, AND OXON AERO CLUB,
Reading Aerodrome, Woodley, Berks
- BLACKPOOL AND FYLDE AERO CLUB,
Stanley Park, Blackpool
- BRISTOL AND WESSEX AEROPLANE CLUB,
Whitchurch Aerodrome, Bristol
- BROOKLANDS SCHOOL OF FLYING,
Weybridge, Surrey
- CINQUE PORTS FLYING CLUB,
Lympe, Kent
- DE HAVILLAND SCHOOL OF FLYING,
Hatfield, Herts
- HALDON SCHOOL OF FLYING,
Haldon Aerodrome, Teignmouth
- HAMPSHIRE AEROPLANE CLUB,
Hamble Aerodrome, Southampton
- THE HANWORTH CLUB,
London Air Park, Feltham, Middlesex
- HULL AERO CLUB,
Hull Municipal Aerodrome, Hedon, Yorks
- LANCASHIRE AERO CLUB,
Woodford Aerodrome, Manchester
- LEICESTER AERO CLUB,
Desford Aerodrome, Leicester
- LIVERPOOL AND DISTRICT AERO CLUB,
Hooton Park, Liverpool
- LONDON AEROPLANE CLUB,
Stag Lane, Edgware
- MIDLAND AERO CLUB,
Castle Bromwich Aerodrome, Birmingham
- NEWCASTLE-ON-TYNE AERO CLUB,
Cramlington Aerodrome, Newcastle
- NORFOLK AND NORWICH AERO CLUB,
Mousehold Aerodrome, Norwich
- NORTHAMPTONSHIRE AERO CLUB,
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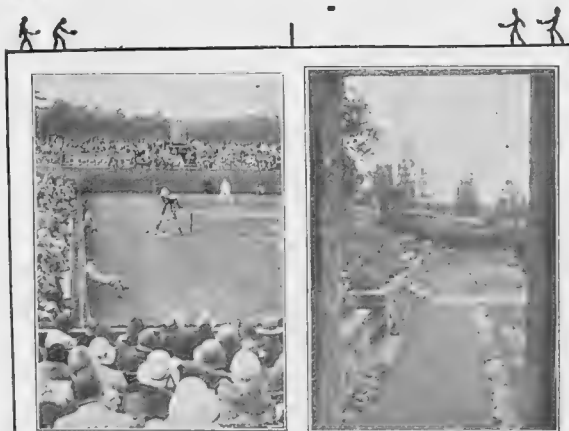
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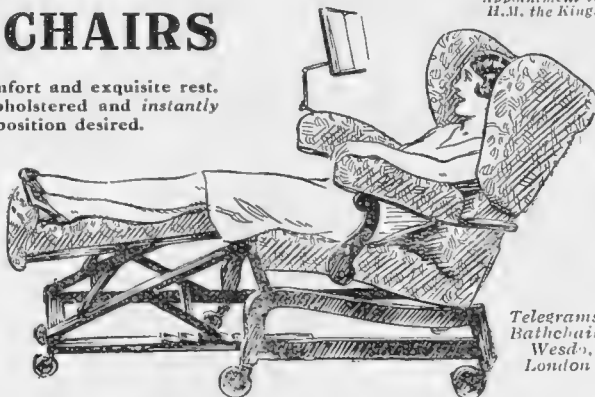
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"THE TATLER" FLYING SCHEME

TRIAL FLYING LESSONS

CONDITIONS

- 1.—Readers will select from the list on page xxx the Club (or School) nearest their home.
- 2.—The form below must be filled up and presented at the aerodrome. Readers under 21 must get the signed consent of Parent or Guardian. Readers under 17 cannot be accepted. All readers will be required to sign the usual form of indemnity.
- 3.—Coupons must be presented by May 20th.
- 4.—**There are only a limited number of flights available at each aerodrome, and applications will be dealt with as received.**
- 5.—Times will be arranged by the Club (or School) to fit in with those booked by their regular pupils. At some aerodromes there is considerable pressure at week-ends and trial lessons will only be possible during the week.
- 6.—The Club (or School) will choose the six most promising "Tatler" pupils who may then be asked to take a single hour's instruction at their own expense, in order that a final selection may be made. **The pupil who is finally chosen as the best at each aerodrome will receive a complete course of instruction free to qualify for his or her "A" Licence.**
- 7.—The scholarship will not be granted at any aerodrome where sufficient readers do not apply for trial lessons.
- 8.—Selected pupils will be required to undergo a medical examination to the satisfaction of the Club (or School).
- 9.—The "scholarship" pupil at each Club undertakes to become a flying member of that Club.
- 10.—The Club (or School) may refuse an individual application without giving any reason.
- 11.—The decision of the Club (or School) will be final.

FORM OF APPLICATION

To FLYING { CLUB
SCHOOL

at AERODROME

[See list on page xxx]

- 1.—I apply for one of the free trial flying lessons which have been arranged for readers of "THE TATLER."
- 2.—I understand that the total number of lessons available is limited, and agree to the conditions given above.
- 3.—I declare that I have never previously had any flying instruction of any kind, and that I am a British subject.
- 4.—I am }
am not } over 21 years of age.
- 5.—I agree to sign the indemnity form as required by the Club (or School).

Signed

Full Address

Date

(In addition, readers under 21 must obtain the signature of Parents or Guardian below.)

I have no objection to my { Mr.
Miss

having a trial flying lesson on the conditions set forth by "THE TATLER."

He }
She } is over 17 years of age.

Signature (Parent or Guardian)

Address

Date

The Confidences of Angela



“When Television comes” . . .

“Oh, there you are, Ted. Yes, rather. But I’m afraid when television comes I’ll have to phone you later in the mornings! . . . Yes, almost. But talking of television, do you know that ‘Duggie’ is clairvoyant? I wired him £100 each way yesterday morning on my filly and—cattiest of catastrophes—I forgot to put my name on it! . . . No, silly, on the telegram. However, thank my horoscope’s best star, dear discerning ‘Duggie’ had an intuition it was mine. Sent a special messenger to the Course—got there five minutes before the race, and all was well. 10/1, a cheery price, *n’est-ce pas?* Specially when one’s wants are big and dividends small!”

SIR EDWARD:—“Lucky Angela. He’s a wonderful bookie—that’s why I’m so enthusiastic about him.”

Write-mention: Angela-Duggie will do the rest



DOUGLAS STUART, STUART HOUSE, SHAFTESBURY AVENUE, LONDON

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Full Address

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